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EUROPE NOW
A FIRST-HAND REPORT

EUROPE NOW

A FIRST-HAND REPORT

BY

H. V. Kaltenborn

DIDIER

New York

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DEDICATION

TO MY GRANDSON—KURT KALTENBORN

*in the hope that he, unlike his father and grandfather,
will not have to fight another war.*

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INTRODUCTION

FIVE WEEKS in Europe is certainly not long enough to make a thorough study of European politics and economics. It is long enough, however, for an experienced observer, who has been there more than a score of times and whose life study is current events, to get an impression of Europe now. Events are moving at unprecedented speed. Things true today are no longer true tomorrow. There is, then, ample justification for the contemporary historian who tells what he saw and heard overseas as 1944 was merging into 1945.

The chances are that the people of Italy will never be much worse off than during this unhappy winter, with the richest part of their country still occupied by the enemy and the other two-thirds poorly looked after by an Italian civilian government and an Allied military government, both without sufficient power to govern well.

France will never again have the exhilaration of those early months of freedom which followed four years of German occupation. Two weeks in Paris were enough to see the process of recovery in action, with every day bringing changes for the better in transport, in food supplies, and in the development of efficient government control.

Anyone who saw the difficulties that our relatively small forces faced on the Western Front, and the slow, painful progress they were making, could understand why the Germans were able to make their successful December drive across Luxemburg into Belgium. Only first-hand contact with an army fighting four thousand miles from home makes it possible to appreciate the dominant role of transport in modern war.

It was refreshing to see Brussels outwardly almost untouched and to find the port of Antwerp in full operation despite the V-bombs tossed in its direction by an enemy anxious to prevent Allied use of Europe's greatest port. Several trips to various fronts through rain, fog, and sleet provided some sense of the life which Allied soldiers have led for from two to five years. There have been definite differences in the spirit of London each year that the war has progressed. But ever since the dark 1940 days of Dunkirk it has been a brave and unflinching spirit. By the end of 1944 the American invasion forces had been transferred from England to France but they had left their enduring mark on British life. The V-bombs were providing a new challenge while I was there. The buzz-bombs and the V-2 bombs arrived many months after London had begun to feel immune from air attack. A renewed sense of courage was required to stand up to them. It was good to see that London had it.

No one could travel more than five thousand miles in forty days, making contacts with half a dozen governments and peoples, without realizing again how compact the world has become as the result of air transport. Aviation is uniting us. For our own salvation we must solve the problems which still divide us. It is no longer possible for any nation to live alone. Each must play its part in the larger unity of the postwar world. That is one reason why we must all try to learn a little more about one another. I have always been fond of the French proverb which says:

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.

To understand all is to forgive all.

H.V.K.

New York City
March, 1945.

I

FLIGHT TO EUROPE

A Place on a Plane

GETTING TO EUROPE in wartime is no simple matter. Both military and civilian authorities must not only consent to your going but they must also cooperate with you as well as with one another to make it possible. As a war correspondent you must provide yourself with a regulation uniform. Vanity suggests that you have this made to order, and nowadays that takes time. There are many other time-consuming requirements. Here are some of the things you need:

1. Passport
2. Accreditation
3. An immunization register
4. A certificate of assimilation
5. A priority

Only after you have all these things can you secure a place on a ship or plane.

In wartime you are not permitted to retain your passport. You surrender it at the end of each voyage. If you wish to start on another journey, you must write to the Passport Division of the State Department and tell them where you intend to go. Then, when they have learned that you have the proper permission from the military authorities, your passport is re-issued, restricted to the areas you are authorized to visit. And

once you have received your passport you must still get all the necessary foreign visas.

"Accreditation" for a war correspondent means that the commander of the military area to which he is going has informed the War Department Office of Public Relations in Washington that he is acceptable. Because there are so many candidates for overseas trips and the available accommodations are limited, a new rule has been established. It grants to each radio network and press association a specified number of representatives, which may not be exceeded. This means that someone may have to be taken away from an area before you can go into it. In special cases the rules may be relaxed. As there was a full assignment of men to the Paris headquarters of the armies, I was asked to go first to Rome and then move into France from there. The Allied military commander in any area has the final right to admit or exclude any individual.

It takes from three to four weeks to complete the requirements for immunization. To go to Europe I was required to submit to vaccination for smallpox, typhoid, tetanus, yellow fever, and typhus. I went through the whole process in November, 1943, for my trip to the Pacific, but the effect of some vaccinations is not supposed to last more than a year. In any case, they give you what the register calls "stimulating doses." The boys who shoot them into you call them "boosters." I was happy to note a spirit of cooperation between the Army and the Navy in the big Federal building down at 90 Church Street, New York City. Although my 1944 trip was to be with the Army, the Navy boys were willing to give me all necessary inoculations.

After I had had my regular shots for three weeks the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau of Washington, D. C., issued to me an international certificate of vaccination giving a complete

statement of the exact character and number of vaccines I had absorbed. That yellow certificate was then presented to the headquarters of the 1378th American Air Force Basic Unit of the North Atlantic Division of the Air Transport Command at La Guardia Field in New York City, and a 48-hour medical clearance was issued. This states textually: "H. V. Kaltenborn has been physically inspected this date in accordance with Air Transport Command Regulation 25-4, AR 40-100 and AR-210, and has been found to be free from vermin infestation and acute communicable and contagious disease. All necessary immunizations have been completed and a waiver granted." And on the bottom of this statement, duly signed by a captain of the Medical Corps, is the injunction: "Keep this in your wallet." I did this faithfully during my six weeks' journey and it was never called for.

"Captain" if Captured

When I travelled across the Pacific, in 1943, the Army of the United States gave me a certificate of assimilation, but when I travelled across the Atlantic, in 1944, the Adjutant General of the War Department gave me a non-combatant certificate of identity. Both made me a captain of the United States Army, but in order really to become one I had first to fall into the hands of the enemy, for here is what my certificate declares:

"The bearer of this card is a civilian non-combatant serving with the Armed Forces of the United States, whose signature, photograph, and finger prints appear hereon. If the bearer of this card shall fall into the hands of the enemies of the United States and be detained by them, he is entitled, while so detained, to be treated as a prisoner of war and to be given the same treatment and afforded

the same privileges as an officer in the Army of the United States of the grade of captain with any and all rights to which such personnel are entitled under all applicable treaties, agreements, and the established practice of nations."

The certificate also states that it is issued in accordance with Article 81 of the Geneva Convention of July 27, 1929 relative to the treatment of prisoners of war. This card I had to show whenever I entered such restricted areas as General Eisenhower's Headquarters or the inner recesses of the Eighth Army Air Force command in England. For travel in military areas it is much more necessary than a passport.

Priorities Are Graded

All priorities for air travel are graded. Only top-flight commanders get No. 1 priority. Lesser generals and civilian department heads get No. 2. War correspondents are lucky if they get No. 3. But, with half a hundred transport flights moving back and forth across the Atlantic every day, a No. 3 priority nowadays ordinarily means a wait of not more than a few hours. Nevertheless, when you arrive at the Atlantic base section for transient travel and are thereby cut off from the civilian world, you receive a ration card which enables you to buy whatever the Army Exchange Service may have on hand. You also get your clearance certificate, which states you are ready for space assignment for overseas departure as ordered. Your orders from the War Department are contained in an envelope on which the word SECRET, in capital letters, has been stamped in three different places. You are instructed not to open this envelope until you have been in the air for at least one hour. When you open it, you face a formidable document, again

marked SECRET. This sheet contains three instructions which I quote:

1. Your overseas destination is Rome, Italy.
2. You are directed to take every precaution to safeguard this communication. This sheet will not be placed in the same container with other orders and records. Except as may be necessary in the transaction of official business, you are prohibited from discussing your overseas destination even by Shipment number of Shipping Designature.
3. In case of emergency, this sheet will be destroyed.

Long before receiving these secret orders, you have already been handed what are known as "invitational" travel orders. This gives your destination in code, but you are told to safeguard the information carefully for your own personal safety as well as that of others. By this time you are supposed to know that there is a war on and that you are rapidly becoming a part of it. You have been told that your baggage must be limited to sixty-five pounds and that you are expected to care for it yourself. You have already paid a visit to Fort Totten, New York, where you have been what is called "processed." This is a procedure in which you wander patiently from one room to another to be surveyed, questioned, and examined by security officers, medical officers, record officers, and transportation officers. After this experience I am thoroughly convinced that anyone who should not go overseas will never steal a ride with the Army Air Transport Command, at least not while this war is on.

Lifeboat Briefing

I arrived at La Guardia Field around midnight and was in the air en route to Bermuda by 4 A.M. Before putting men

aboard a plane, for what in many cases is their first trans-Atlantic hop, the Army puts them through what is known as lifeboat briefing. This consists of a fifteen-minute explanation of just what to do when your plane lands on the water. You learn how to blow up your life preserver, known as a "Mae West" jacket, how to send off rockets, how to operate the radio set and call for help by designated signals, where to look for fishing tackle, food, fresh water, and all the other things designed to make life comfortable aboard a little rubber boat in mid-ocean. Some of your fellow passengers are young men from the mid-West who have never seen an ocean. They look a little dubious because of the detailed character of these instructions. Later they ask one another how anyone could be expected to learn all that in fifteen minutes. But the genial sergeant in charge of the explanation does not take his task too seriously and that helps relieve the strain. To the best of my knowledge no Army Air Transport plane has ever fallen into the Atlantic under conditions where the lifeboats could be launched.

Before passing through the large door that leads to the plane hangar you are supposed to have noted, as indeed you have, the signs which tell you that you must carry with you no letters, no matches, no liquor, and no United States money. I should hate to think how many times one or more of those restrictions have been violated. In any case, I know some money was carried because there was a poker game on board.

Flight Nurse

Mid-winter flights to Bermuda are sometimes rough even for a huge four-motored C-54. The one on which we rode was a hospital transport fitted with aluminum racks for more than twenty litter patients. These were cleverly folded against the sides of the plane so that it could transport either tons of cargo

or more than forty passengers. Some of us sat comfortably enough on the so-called bucket seats while others spread blankets on the floor and stretched out until a sudden storm began to shake us up. After a few minutes some of the men became violently ill. One was thrown to the floor by a sudden lurch of the plane. At that moment a little Red Cross flight nurse sitting next to me sprang into action. She ordered everyone on the floor to get up. She told us all to strap ourselves into our seats and helped those who were sick or clumsy with the huge belt buckles. She opened her Red Cross kit and gave the seasick boys something to provide relief. She took complete charge of everybody and her quick smiling efficiency gave comfort to all, especially to those who were making their first plane trip. Captains and majors obeyed her as readily as privates. This little flight nurse was on her way back to Bermuda to pick up another load of wounded men and bring them home. She illustrated the spirit and quality of the Red Cross nurses I met later at the fighting fronts.

We talked about her work, which is not always easy. The happiest moment of each trip, she said, is when news comes from the pilot that the homeland is in sight and she can give that news to her patients. When they hear that they are once more on the point of reaching the beloved homeland, which many of them had not seen for years, tears of joy come to their eyes. She told me that on her last trip Max Hill, the NBC correspondent, was one of her passengers.

"I will never forget," she said, "how he helped one of the boys who had been blinded overseas. He kept him entertained for hours by reading to him and talking with him. He was a great help. I wish we always had someone like that along."

Air evacuation is a wonderful thing for our wounded men. I was in Paris in December, 1944, when we began running the

C-54 evacuation planes direct from France to the Azores instead of starting them from England. This meant that less than a week might elapse between the time that a man was wounded at the front and the time he reached a hospital near his home. Generally, of course, he passes from the dressing station to a hospital near the frontlines and from there to a base hospital before he is ready to be taken home. But in every case, air evacuation speeds the process. On any count, it is much more likely to be a comfortable journey than by ship. We now have an enormous fleet of hospital planes. Many lives are saved and many recoveries are speeded due to our ability to get our casualties into home hospitals in record time.

Bermuda—First Stop

Bermuda is as lovely as ever when seen from the air but it is difficult to recognize some of the familiar places because of the changes made by our Army and Navy. The Army, for example, has created an entirely new land area in Castle Harbor by dredging. A huge airfield has been constructed on this made land. The bottom of Castle Bay proved to be coral mud, which is excellent material for the construction of an air base. Because we created our own real estate, the Army found it necessary to take over only a few small islands for necessary housing and installations. We have retained the Castle Harbor Hotel area, largely because of the water problem. Our present lease on the Castle Harbor Hotel includes the use of one of the best Bermuda wells. Now that construction is completed, we need the hotel water more than the hotel itself. There is, of course, plenty of distilled water but no one likes the way it tastes. We were wise enough to build the Bermuda airfield with eight-thousand-foot runways. Wherever, as in the case of the airfields we constructed early in the war, we were not so foresighted, we have had to

extend the runways to accommodate the faster, heavier, and larger planes which have been coming into use. It has been well said that our planes are ten years ahead of our airfields.

The Army has created a modern four-hundred-bed hospital at its Bermuda base. During my visit it was not fully occupied but before long our returning casualties will fill every bed.

It is impossible to spend an hour in Bermuda without hearing all kinds of talk about relations between Americans and Bermudians. We must remember that Bermuda has been swamped with American military personnel. Huge numbers of our vociferous soldiers, sailors, and civilians have overrun Bermuda's little towns and villages. Some of the natives don't like it, and who can blame them? They could extend only a little hospitality and Bermuda's leading families have preferred to extend it to the officers. That is why you will not get much favorable comment on Bermuda's white folks from our enlisted men.

No one is more conservative than the colonial Englishman and no one is more easy-going and devil-may-care than the average American soldier or sailor. Besides, there is the financial question. The Bermudians have always been good traders and they are accustomed to charge what the traffic will bear. The tourist traffic, on which they depended for a living, is gone, so they do what business they can with the military personnel. They also made some charges against our Army and Navy which we thought excessive. But when you come to investigate these things, you find that the Bermudians merely continued established practices. In the beginning they failed to allow for the fact that we were Allies and entitled to special consideration on that account. But the moment these matters were carried to higher authorities they were settled amicably and a mutually satisfactory agreement was made. The average Englishman is

always unwilling to change fixed habits. This is particularly true when some long-established money payment, such as a legal tariff, is involved. Some of our officers are loud in their praise of the friendly cooperation and hospitality which they received in Bermuda.

One of our problems with respect to Bermuda concerns our right to use the airfields we have established after the war is over. We have secured a lease on these areas for ninety-nine years but this gives us only the right to use the airfields for military purposes. We have no right to utilize them for commercial traffic. Some agreement must be made with the British under which our trans-Atlantic air traffic can utilize these fields. It was a real oversight on our part not to think of that when the original arrangement was made. Our military personnel interested in air traffic is certainly thinking about it now. When they return to civilian life they are sure to demand that something be done about it. My own feeling is that negotiations should be begun at once. This is one of the important matters that ought to be considered in current discussions on postwar air transport.

Night Landing in the Azores

The flight from Bermuda to the Azores is one of the longest overseas hops—twenty-three hundred miles on a regular route. You can carry a fairly heavy cargo in a modern trans-Atlantic plane on an eight- or nine-hour flight when you can count on favorable winds. This is the case when you fly the Atlantic from West to East. The opposite is true when you go from Europe to the United States. Most of us remember that many years elapsed between the first flight from Newfoundland to Ireland, in 1919, and the first successful trans-Atlantic flight from Europe to America. It is the more apparent how important it

was for the Allied cause to secure from Portugal the use of the Azores Islands as air bases. The full story cannot be told until the war is over. Few people, not familiar with air transport, would believe that the Azores have become a regular winter-time port of call for planes flying from Scotland to Newfoundland. This route is eight hundred miles longer than the route via Iceland, but, in winter, wind and weather conditions are much better. In air travel the longest route may prove to be both the shortest and the quickest, for an adverse wind increases distance.

It was my good fortune on this trip to make a night landing in the Azores. Once before I had arrived in a Pan-American clipper at sunrise but the night landing is far more dramatic. I occupied the co-pilot's seat as we began picking up the lights. The pilot explained to me the weird system of triangular pin-pointing by which he was able to tell exactly where he was. It was simple enough once you knew what each light meant. For the fraction of a minute we seemed to be flying directly into a black mountain and then suddenly the plane made a little turn and there was the runway outlined by two long rows of gleaming ground lights. It reminded me a little of my first approach to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic. There, too, you seem to be flying directly into a coastal mountain when, suddenly, the plane rushes into a narrow opening between two hills and you drop to a wide runway which extends the full length of this little speck of land in mid-ocean.

In the Azores, which belong to Portugal, we are the guests of the British. Thanks to an historic treaty, the Portuguese are supposed to support the British in any war they undertake. It is on the strength of this treaty that the British received landing and refueling rights in the Azores for Allied ships and planes. These they now share with us. So we are still the guests of the

British even though we ourselves erected and are still improving the airfield we use.

Our own pilots do not like some of the regulations which the British impose. Each nation has its own habits and practices in the operation of airfields. Pilots, who are engaged in a nervous and exacting business, quite naturally prefer the ways of their own country and are irritated when they must conform to the regulations of someone else. I hope it will not be long before an international code of practice can be worked out to which every country conforms. This should be done on airfields which will be used regularly by the commercial planes of several nations. I know it will lessen international friction. Then, at least, a pilot will not say: "It's those darned British," or: "It's those blasted Americans." He can then blame only the international regulations which his own country has helped set up.

We have recently negotiated an agreement with Portugal and secured the right to create an American airfield on another one of the Azores Islands. This field is now completed and is available for our exclusive use, both during the war and after. I understand that it is a better field than the one we have been using. Portugal is one of half a dozen countries with which we have recently negotiated reciprocal agreements on air traffic.

The Azores are a busy point on the central route across the Atlantic. For both land and seaplanes, these strategically located islands will always be an important refueling station. We should also secure from Portugal landing rights in the Cape Verde Islands. Every experienced air man will appreciate the value of an available airfield located a few hundred miles before he gets to the end of a long transocean hop.

My conclusion, after flying some six thousand miles through storm and fog and sunshine over the Atlantic and the Mediter-

ranean in mid-winter, is that we shall never have too many available landing fields. Some will be needed for safety, others will provide added convenience, and most of them will be essential for economic operation. For the less extra gas you must carry for safety, the more useful cargo you can carry for profit.

On my jump in 1943 from San Francisco to Pearl Harbor—twenty-four hundred and fifty miles—we carried one ton of useful load for each sixteen tons of plane, crew, and fuel. On my longest trans-Atlantic jump, in 1944, we carried one ton of useful load for every five tons of plane, crew, and fuel. But even that is not good enough. With planes now being completed, commercial air transport expects to do much better.

Our men stationed at the Azores to service these transports are not particularly happy. They are in the war but not of it. They are neither in the homeland nor in Europe where the fighting is going on. Yet the boys at these way-stations on the air highways of the world are doing a most important job and we ought to be grateful to them for it.

2

NORTH AFRICA

Casablanca—From Peace to War

ONCE YOU HAVE made the long hop from Bermuda to the Azores, the one-thousand-mile trip to Casablanca in French Morocco seems but a little way. In one sense it is a translation from peace to war. Even before you land you see the first reminders of the marine casualties that accompanied our first landing operations on the North African coast. The hulks of several wrecked vessels stand out in the harbor.

You arrive at a huge military establishment, able to care for many hundreds of air travelers every day. The Casablanca airport is a great way-station for travelers headed in several directions. The counters serving the arriving and departing passengers are as large as those in a good-sized railroad station. Everything is organized and businesslike.

You learn here, as everywhere else, that you must exchange your traveler's checks for local money at the Military Exchange Office. You fall in love with the picturesque paper francs issued by the "Empire Ghérifien Protectorat de la République Française." French Morocco is one of the few protectorates left in the world and you soon learn that this creates a curious state of affairs in which political authority is divided among a native government, a French government, and an American military government.

Anyone who travels with the United States Army Air Trans-

port Command is sure to be well cared for. You get a ticket that assigns you to a hotel. What is equally important, you get a car to take you there. I was fortunate enough to draw the finest location in Casablanca, a modern hotel on top of a little hill overlooking the harbor and the surrounding country. The dining room on the top floor is glass-enclosed and provides a wonderful view in all directions. It is a striking African panorama with the blue Atlantic in the foreground, the Atlas Mountains in the distance, a maze of white villas and palm-shaded avenues leading to the large area that constitutes the city proper. They point out to you the near-by villa where Churchill and Roosevelt met for the Casablanca Conference. The military authorities still maintain it for the use of distinguished civilian and military visitors.

This was the first of many Army Air Transport hotels at which I stayed during my European trip. They are run by officers up to the grade of major who have usually had some experience in the hotel business. There are a few American privates and non-commissioned officers who help in the management but the staff is largely made up of natives. The Army is generous with its guests and you never pay more than fifty cents for a meal or one dollar for a room. Often everything is included for a dollar a day. You may tip the natives if you like but there is no compulsion, and if you forget to tip, the service is just as efficient. During this war the natives of any overseas country are happy to be associated with places where Americans live and eat. In the matter of both food and cash income they are better off than their compatriots.

There were food riots in Casablanca the day before I arrived. There had been some trouble about bread rations. I went down to the City Hall to find out about it and watched delegations of Moroccan bakers argue with impatient French officials. The

white-robed natives stood in line patiently for hours but were permitted to argue their case for little more than a minute before some kind of settlement was made; they received a written order and were pushed along. I was told later that the less important a French official in Morocco is, the more arrogant he is in dealing with those who have business with him.

On the whole, the French administration of Morocco is reputed to be good, although there are many wartime difficulties. There are Frenchmen who favored Pétain and Frenchmen who favored de Gaulle, and there are many others who just got along as best they could with the Germans or the Pétainists or the de Gaullists or the Americans. There is a severe food shortage in Morocco but we are not responsible for it. Americans bring in all the food which they consume and there is enough left over to take care of those who work for us.

Black Market in North Africa

It was at Casablanca that I first learned how large a part the black market now plays in Old World economy. In every country I visited, the black market is a dominant problem. Everywhere its existence means that rich people are able to buy some part of the rations that should go to the poor. There were plenty of fruits and vegetables and African candies available in the Casablanca public markets, but they were not attractive by our standards and they were terribly expensive by Moroccan standards. Here, as in all French territories, the franc has been stabilized at two cents. This does not make things very cheap for us, but it may help Moroccan economy to get back on its feet. The bazaars are still well stocked with the traditional Moroccan leather goods but they did not seem to be as well

or as carefully made as when I first bought them twenty years ago.

If you are a man in uniform, you are not permitted to enter the native part of Casablanca without first getting a special pass from the military police. The native quarter has the same narrow streets and open shops as the Kasbah in Algiers, but it is not nearly as picturesque. On a Sunday afternoon it was filled with a cosmopolitan medley of soldiers and sailors who did not seem able to find much of the wine, women, and song for which they were looking. Even the native silversmiths, whose work is world famous, had not much to offer except the simplest kind of bracelets and earrings. There was little of the romance which I had expected to find in Casablanca, but that may have been because I made my tour of the native quarter in bright sunshine.

I spent an hour at the Casablanca racetrack. There, for the first time in my life, I saw a trotting race in which mounted riders competed with racing sulkies. Betting was, of course, the principal attraction. Morocco's present poverty was illustrated by the dresses worn by the white women who attended the races. They were all faded frocks of other years. The height of luxury was a frayed fur jacket or neckpiece of the type you might see in a New York second-hand store, except that the New York store would have put them into much better condition before displaying them.

Bad weather held me up at Casablanca for a day and a night. Even the next morning the field was closed in by fog and no plane was taking off for Tunis, my next stop. But the airport authorities knew that I was trying to reach Rome for a Monday broadcast. They told me that an intrepid colonel was taking off for Tunis the moment he could get the weatherman's permission. They promised to see if he would take me along.

He would, so I climbed into his warmed-up B-25 bomber while fog still covered the airport. There was a constant exchange of messages between the bomber and the control tower. The colonel declared that his blind aunt would be able to take a plane off under prevailing conditions, but the control tower continued to say "No" for another half hour. Then, after an incoming plane had made a successful landing, we were permitted to take off.

The flight over some of the barren foothills of the Atlas Mountains and the coastal plain reminded me a little of the aerial trip over Chile's long coastline. For a good part of the distance there are few towns, few cultivated areas, and the blue ocean in the distance is the best feature of the landscape. Our B-25 travelled at high speed. We landed at Tunis not long after leaving Casablanca.

Conditions in Tunis

Here again, weather conditions prevented continuation of the flight to Rome. We spent the afternoon visiting the ancient ruins of Carthage and the modern ruins of the city of Tunis. Tunisia, like Morocco, is in the midst of all kinds of difficulties created by the war. Many of the substantial citizens of Tunis had a feeling that the war might come back their way. They have not been eager to begin the work of reconstruction. The port area, which is the most important part of Tunis from the business point of view, remains in a state of desolation. The work of our bombers was highly effective in destroying piers and port installations. Most of the important buildings near the water are wrecked. The dock areas are closed off and rehabilitation has scarcely begun. The near-by port of Bizerte has been cleared and takes care of necessary imports and exports for northern Tunisia. French Tunisians are determined

that the Italians shall never be permitted to regain the important position they occupied in this French colony. During the German occupation they profited enormously and told Frenchmen that at the end of the war all of Tunisia would be annexed by Italy. The French government has already decided to abrogate all the special rights which France long ago granted to Italian citizens in Tunisia. So far the Italian government has refused to accept this abrogation.

We continue to improve the Tunis airfield. It is a way-station on the air transport route to the Near East and the Far East. We expect that it will continue to be important in the postwar period, and we hope to secure the right to continue to use this field when we begin operating commercial planes.

There are still many Italian prisoners in and about Tunis. Here, as in Morocco, I received the impression that the Italian prisoners are not well treated by the French. Some of them are working for us. If they need to be disciplined we have only to tell them that unless they behave, we shall return them to French control. This brings results. There are German prisoners, too, but they seem to be better cared for.

3

ITALY'S DILEMMA

Zigzag Flight to Naples

NEXT MORNING the weather was still bad, not in Tunis, where a bright sun was shining, but in Naples, where we expected to land. The doughty Air Force colonel, who was my host, decided to try it anyhow. We obeyed the Army Air Force rules which require you to put on a life preserver for every overwater hop. To cross the Mediterranean in an hour, and then to recognize the heel and toe of the Italian boot from the air in the clear sunshine of what seemed like a summer day, is a memorable experience.

But the weather thickened as we flew up the Italian coastline. When we reached Naples it was so thick that I could make out nothing of the familiar port of Naples, not even the ever-present smoke of Mt. Vesuvius. We kept flying up and down. Every few minutes the weather cleared over some part of the terrain. We skimmed over the now historic Salerno beach-head half a dozen times. There are wrecked hulls in the off-shore waters and the whole area is pockmarked by shells and bombs. You recognize the perfect round holes as having been made by aerial bombs, whereas the more oblong scars are the result of artillery bombardment.

Several times the lovely island of Capri came into sight for a few moments just beyond the mist, but it looked dark and formidable. Only its vague outline suggested the romantic sun-

lit island of song and story. After a one-hour aerial promenade up and down before the port of Naples our gasoline began to run low. The colonel asked me whether I wished to land in Palermo on the island of Sicily or at Bari, just above the heel of the Italian boot. At Bari I should be closer to Rome where I had to make my broadcast that night. Bari was my choice.

It was an interesting flight past airfields and ruins and green fields and picturesque Italian villages. We passed fields with many airplanes and there were many planes in the sky all about us.

We landed at another huge airport, most of it deep in mud but with enough good runways to take care of all the traffic. Here my colonel pilot was told that the weather at Naples was unlikely to clear and that he had best decide to stay overnight. I was told that it would be impossible to get to Rome from Bari by automobile in less than twelve hours, even if a car could be made available. I was almost reconciled to losing my broadcast when a young pilot turned to me and said: "I am taking off for Naples just as soon as my crew finishes lunch." For him the trip to Naples with his sturdy C-47 was a milk run which he made several times a week, weather or no weather—in wintertime there is almost always bad flying weather in the Naples area.

"Can you make it?" I asked.

"Say," he replied, "I've got five days' mail waiting for me at Naples. You bet I'm going to make it."

He did. There was plenty of bad weather en route but he threaded his aerial way through the mountain passes and selected those places where the weather was not too bad. We flew around a bit before we landed but he told me that in the Naples area there are several airports and he could always manage to get into one of them.

We made the hop in little more than an hour, so I still had ample time in which to make the six-hour motor trip to Rome. Getting a car was not so easy but the public relations officers of the Air Transport Command have a way with them.

The Ride to Rome

In a pouring rain two Catholic chaplains and I set out for the Eternal City. It was a weird, picturesque ride. Our headlights picked out the metal skeletons of cars and tanks lying up-ended by the side of the road. Village after village through which we passed was more or less in ruins. We passed near historic Cassino Mountain. A single bright light gleamed from the ruins of the Monastery on top of the height. A few faithful Fathers continued to guard the ruins of their beloved Abbey. When you drive through the village of Cassino at night, it presents a gruesome picture of war's desolation. Every house is a shell and not a human being remains. In most of these war-swept villages at least a few houses have been left intact. You see the occasional gleam of a light and as many as two or three persons standing together. But not in Cassino.

It is an uncanny business, this driving at night over narrow roads in hilly country through ruined towns. I was to get a lot of it before the completion of my tour. It makes me wonder whether the tens of thousands of young men who have sat behind driving wheels during this war will ever be able to go back to safe, slow, careful driving. In the army everyone is always in a hurry. All journeys to the front and back again are made at the highest speed which road conditions permit. That means anything from three miles to seventy miles an hour and it also means that all who drive take risks. It would be interesting to have a compilation comparing accidents in civilian driving with accidents in wartime driving in Europe. I have

a notion that, despite the greater risk and the much greater difficulties of driving in Europe, accidents are fewer. The boys who drive cars for the American army are all sober, they are all in first-class physical condition and they are all accustomed to obeying the rules of the road. I know that I had less sense of fear on many drives under frontline conditions than I have had here at home when the roads were a bit slippery or visibility was poor. And this, too, is true: one is so conscious of the immensely greater risks taken by the men at the fighting fronts that everything else is unimportant by comparison.

My drive to Rome was enlivened by conversation with the two friendly Catholic chaplains. Captain Carroll Boland, S.J., is attached to the Sixth General Hospital in Italy. He told me something about the fine spirit of our wounded men and how well they are cared for. Captain C. F. Cahill is attached to the Rome Allied Area Command. After we had talked together he suggested that the Pope would be very glad to grant me a private audience and he helped make the arrangements that resulted in my talk with Pius XII.

Practically all the chaplains I have met at the front, in Europe or in the Pacific areas, are men well suited to their jobs. I have been struck by the fact that nearly all the Catholic chaplains are good mixers and most of them have a fine sense of humor. They are not strait-laced and they are easy to get along with. This is also true, of course, of many of the Protestant and Jewish chaplains. But whatever else Catholicism may have, it does have an unfailing sense of human relations. At home we are apt to think of chaplains as the men who conduct church services in the army. So they do, but an equally important part of their work is friendly human contact with GI Joe. The soldiers come to the chaplains with all their little troubles and find it most helpful just to talk things over. For a good chap-

lain is also something of a psychoanalyst, who knows that self-expression brings relief.

Blackout and Broadcast

I have come into Rome by air and by rail but never at night by car. Everything is pitch black and you are made aware of arrival in the city only by the fact that there are blocks of houses instead of rows of trees by the side of the road. How the driver picked his way through the suburbs I do not know. It was ten o'clock at night but there were still many people gathered in groups at the street corners or hurrying along the narrow sidewalks.

Suddenly, as we turned into a large square, a motorcycle with a gleaming headlight shot past and then turned around. We were being stopped by the military police. But it turned out that the Public Relations Officer in Naples had arranged for two guides to escort me to the radio station in time for my broadcast. Without his help we never could have found it in the blackout. We stopped first at one radio station where a group of GI's were getting ready to put on an army show. From there we were directed to press and radio headquarters in another part of the town. It was after eleven before we reached the right building but this was in plenty of time since I had written most of my broadcast while flying over Africa. Here, as everywhere else in Europe, press and radio arrangements are efficiently organized. Censors are on twenty-four hour duty and handle a story or a broadcast in anything from fifteen to thirty minutes. This seemed almost incredible when I recalled that a decade earlier, when Miracle-Man Mussolini was running Italy, it took days to clear my broadcast of an interview with Il Duce himself. He insisted on going over it first.

At home it takes an announcer, a producer, and an engineer

to handle one of my broadcasts. In Rome, and elsewhere in Europe, a young sergeant sat at the controls, did the preliminary talking, wiggled his fingers at me for the timing, and handled the entire job with nonchalant efficiency. It was just another war job, and there were no union rules to keep one man from doing three things at the same time. From Paris and London I was able to talk back and forth with New York before the broadcast, but not from Rome. There, we went on "blind," which means that I began talking at the exact second previously agreed upon. We always checked our watches with New York beforehand. For some reason European timepieces always seem to be a few seconds fast or slow when we make the check. Of course, the European boys always say: "Why can't New York keep proper time?"

All my broadcasts from Europe ran for eight minutes. The most exciting part is when you have finished talking and sit around waiting for the report from New York. They tell you whether it was fair, good, very good, or excellent, or whether it was so bad that they didn't put it on the network. Of course, these gradings have nothing to do with the quality of the material. They concern only the quality of the transmission. Static conditions, atmospherics, and mechanical interruptions are the bane of the broadcaster when he operates from abroad. I had good luck in almost all of my European broadcasts, but one of my radio colleagues was in despair during his stay in France. For one reason or another, he failed to get through in about four out of every five attempts. The network representatives had to do a lot of fighting to get good facilities. It took a long time to get things going properly and I was fortunate in arriving at just about the time when first-class facilities had become available.

Hotel Majestic in Wartime

The Majestic Hotel, where I stayed in Rome, was only three short blocks from the press and radio office from where I did my broadcasts. Yet I was amazed to learn how easy it is to lose your way when you have nothing more than a little searchlight to guide your faltering steps. By turning just a little to the right or to the left as you cross a street you come to an intersection that seems unfamiliar. In the dark, he who hesitates is lost. Once you are in doubt which direction to take, you are almost sure to take the wrong one. One night I wandered about for more than half an hour, determined to find my way without asking for help. Finally, I did ask a passing soldier to direct me to the Hotel Majestic. In a surprised tone, he replied: "You are standing in front of it." And so I was.

The streets of London are almost as dark as those of Rome, but there the little lighted crosses on the curbs and middle-of-the-street islands are of great help. You head toward them as you start to cross, so you can't miss your way to the right or left. In Paris there was already enough street lighting to make getting about fairly easy, but in Rome help was provided principally by the headlights of automobiles. Their momentary illumination of a familiar façade assures you of the right direction. On a pitch-black night these headlights are blinding. There has been protest against them in both Rome and Paris on this account. But I always welcomed their help.

The Majestic Hotel was familiar to me from previous visits to Rome. Now it is one of many Rome hotels run by the American army. It was without heat but there was hot water. One soon gets used to cold rooms. Warm underwear, a heavy woolen shirt and an extra sweater are a great help. If you work for a long time at a desk, you may want to put on your over-

coat and a cap. It is actually less uncomfortable than the overheated rooms we have in America. Yet it does result in a great many respiratory infections. These were particularly prevalent all over Europe among officers who had to sit at their desks all day. Some of them improvised heat by using open fireplaces or electric heaters. A few buildings were actually heated. They tried turning on the heat for a few days at the Majestic, but the coal consumption was so enormous they had to give it up.

Service everywhere in Italy was excellent, since it was provided by trained Italians who were happy to be employed. The food at the Majestic was army food but prepared and served with imagination by Italian cooks. Army rations are so varied and plentiful that a great deal can be done with them. The cooks at the different army hotels compete against one another to see who can use most imagination in transforming "army chow" into delectable dishes. With a bottle of good Italian wine to help along, no one could ask for better food.

First Contacts

The first thing a correspondent must do on arriving in a new military theater is to report to the military authorities. During a visit to an army training camp in Texas I had met General Thoburn K. Brown, who is now the Commanding General of the Rome area. So, upon my arrival I looked him up. He was suffering from a cold, but Colonel William A. Wedemeyer, his efficient Chief of Staff, took me in hand and helped organize my interviews.

The chief problem always is transportation. Only the army can provide you with a car to carry you from one place to another. In Rome there are no taxis and no horse carriages for hire. You must either walk or secure proper authorization to call a car from the military motor pool. When a commanding

general grants you an interview, he is often considerate enough to send his car to fetch you since he knows you may have no way of getting one yourself.

Of course, walking is not only good exercise but it is the very best way to establish direct contact with life in a wartime capital. To observe the nervous eagerness with which a Roman housewife looks over a vegetable display in a market stall, prices this and that, looks covetously at the things beyond her purse, finally completing her modest purchase, makes one realize the tremendous importance that the daily search for food has assumed. After watching Italian children hunt through garbage pails and look longingly at every kind of food displayed anywhere, one feels ashamed to go back to a lavish army mess.

No man in uniform is permitted to patronize any private restaurant in Rome. Food is so scarce throughout Italy that we cannot permit our soldiers to take any of it away from the Italian people.

During the German occupation transportation functioned and there was little interference with the normal production and distribution of food supplies. From the time we began our military campaign with its aerial bombardment and incidental destruction, Italians have been in a bad way for all kinds of supplies.

Neither in Italy nor elsewhere had UNRRA—the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—begun to function at the end of 1944. I don't know why they could not have made a good beginning in southern Italy. There are jealousies among various organizations, which may have something to do with it, or perhaps Governor Herbert H. Lehman, who was such an excellent administrator in the state of New York, is not the right man for the tremendously difficult task

which he has undertaken out of his high sense of public duty. Everyone seemed to agree that so far UNRRA has been a disappointment. Probably we expected too much too soon. The army is jealous of its prerogatives. It brooks no interference with its purpose, which is the defeat of the enemy, and it may take riot and revolution to emphasize the importance of maintaining the proper quantity of civilian supplies.

Who Governs Rome?

In Italy, as elsewhere, the Communists know very well how to exploit public dissatisfaction. They were troubling the authorities in Morocco by helping to create food riots. In Tunisia they were so strong that all the other parties were organizing a combination against them. In Italy their newspapers are among the best edited and most vigorous in their attacks on admitted evils. They keep crying out about the lack of food and fuel. These are topics of far greater interest to the average Italian than political questions, which is one reason why they read the Communist press. Colonel Charles Poletti, head of the American Military Government in the Rome area, is shrewd enough to realize the strength of the Communists and he has persuaded them to cooperate with him. He told me that they were extremely helpful because they were the best-organized and the best-disciplined group in Italy.

All over Africa and Europe the Communists are crying out against the failure of the authorities to eliminate the black market. During four years of war the black market had become extremely well organized as an established institution in all German-occupied countries. Now it is impossible to get rid of it. Poletti said very frankly: "I can't stop the black market until there is enough food and clothing for these people. But where can I get it? We have even had to take such shoes as can be

produced in Italian plants for military needs. My carabinieri get fifty dollars a month but they have no shoes, and a policeman without shoes is rather a ridiculous figure. I am trying to build up and back up these policemen and other Italian officials, to help give them a little prestige, but I must have shoes to put on their feet. I can't run Italy myself. I have to work through the prefects and the mayors and the other local authorities. One of my most important tasks is to do everything I can to restore and develop local authority, to help civilian officials win the respect and obedience of their own people.

"The successful accomplishment of my task is almost impossible. I have now started to organize soup kitchens to prevent absolute starvation. I must do some rebuilding to provide some kind of shelter for those who have been bombed out of their homes. I have brickyards and I have plenty of brickmakers, but I cannot distribute the product. Transport is the great problem and there just isn't any way of getting it for civilian purposes. The army needs all we have and more. If I could run power plants, I could start factories. But to run power plants, I need fuel. I can't get any coal—I could get local lignite, yet I have no way of getting the lignite from the mines to the power plants, and so it goes. We are running in a vicious circle. Somewhere along the line the best plan breaks down for the lack of something or other. So we are moving ahead slowly. Meanwhile, we do the best we can. I keep shouting for help and maybe some day I'll get some."

If you were to ask me who governs Rome, I certainly should not think first of the Allied Military Government in the Rome area and I certainly should not think first of the Italian municipal administration. I should say that the man who comes closest to being in charge is General Thoburn K. Brown, the Commanding General of the Rome Area Allied Command. He

runs a kind of combination of municipal, diplomatic, and military administration. He has a military job and he works only for the army but he runs some of Rome's most important institutions. The power plants which supply Rome with electric current are under his control. Because of well-planned German sabotage they are producing less than half the normal amount of current, so there must be careful allocation. It is General Brown who tells the Roman citizen how much electric power he may have for his light or for his radio. He sees to it that the office buildings, the many hotels and restaurants, the post exchanges, the motor pool and other facilities that he runs for the army get their proper share first. Civilians have to manage with what is left.

General Brown also runs Rome's most efficient police department. Organized gangs of toughs and deserters were making Rome's blacked-out streets unsafe just before I arrived. It took a neat bit of police work to round them up. Desertions from our armies in Europe have been increasing. It may become a serious problem before the war is over. Our men are tired of the war and want to get home.

Recreation Center for Soldiers

Rome is the favorite recreation center for American soldiers on leave from the Air Forces or the Fifth Army; Naples is too dirty to suit them. They all want to go to Rome. Things have now been organized to give them the best time possible. They are housed at hotels specially equipped to provide comfort and service. Additional army restaurants and coffee shops have been created so that they can get something to eat at other than regular mess hours. There are numerous theaters and concert halls and moving-picture houses.

There are carefully organized excursions to the great monu-

ments of the Eternal City. The various church organizations in Rome have been particularly efficient in providing well-informed English-speaking guides, who are giving our soldiers some realization of what already belongs to that history which they are now helping to make. A GI who has looked with reverence at the great Dome of St. Peter's, and who has walked through the Roman Forum with a friendly cicerone, is bound to think of the Italians as something more than "dagos." He cannot help but get some sense of the fact that here is a great people and a great country. One of the highlights of his experience is likely to be a visit to the Vatican. It has been made possible for every Allied man or woman in uniform to get a glimpse of the Pope.

Visit to the Vatican

As the climax of a visit to the Vatican there is a noonday papal reception in a large chapel within the Vatican precincts. Every day, Sundays included, some two thousand members of the Allied armed forces see the Pope carried forward to the altar in his papal chair. As the small procession moves slowly forward, the white-clad figure of the Pontiff leans far out to the right and left to touch as many as possible of the outstretched hands, bestowing the papal blessing as he moves along. The vigor and grace of his movements and the ease with which he bends his tall body suggest the athlete.

At the altar he leaves his chair, turns to the sea of waiting faces and speaks briefly, first in English, then in French. There is a badly placed microphone to help make his words audible, but it is not well regulated and the acoustics are poor. The Pontiff speaks the words rapidly, as though they had been memorized. His enunciation is good, but the strangeness of his accent and the unusual rhythm he employs make it difficult for

some to understand. I heard him clearly enough because, having just had a private audience, I was permitted to stand in the front row. But it made me wish that I could have given his Holiness the benefit of the competent NBC engineers and producers who handle my daily broadcasts. The Pope was giving so much of himself that he was certainly entitled to better mechanical facilities.

He gave his guests a very sincere and friendly welcome, told them how happy he was to see and greet them and again gave all of them the papal blessing. Then, instead of being carried out at once, he mingled with the various groups and individuals gathered at the front of the chapel. He talked with particular feeling and kindness to a group of Polish soldiers from the Eighth Army, who kneeled as he addressed them and blessed them. He had a heartfelt word of consolation for a widow, and individual greetings for dozens of others. When an embarrassed soldier dropped the rosary he was holding up to be blessed the Pope himself, responding to a human impulse, stooped as if to pick it up. A horrified attendant quickly moved forward to help recover it. As the Pope passed where I stood, he remembered our interview of a few minutes before, smiled his greeting and then added: "A very special blessing for you." He had already given me his autographed picture and a silver papal medal. I felt that this was generous treatment from the head of the Roman Catholic Church for a baptized Lutheran.

When Pope Pius speaks to our soldiers, he has a happy way of smiling at them and asking: "American?" The men nod vigorously or answer, yes, and he smiles again as though that established a special bond of friendship between them. And I am sure it does. It is a great event for anyone to meet the Pope of Rome. Thousands of our boys will remember their Vatican visit as one of the memorable occasions of their soldier days.

Private Audience

My own talk with the Pope was brief but it covered a number of subjects. He spoke much more freely and frankly than I had expected. His English and French are good but his German is better, so we carried on in German.

His tall, lithe figure, which he carries extremely well, would be almost gaunt but for the pontifical robes. He moves with a quick firm step and his gestures are graceful. His face, when animated, presents a curious contrast of human kindness and intellectual asceticism. I had seen him before, at public audiences, but today, when I saw him first privately and then stood next to him at the public reception, I had an opportunity to observe him closely.

I found him keenly alive to the sufferings of the Italian people. He has done much himself to mitigate these sufferings by his whole-hearted support of charitable enterprises. He is a cosmopolitan in mind and spirit. I spoke of the importance of the Vatican's influence in promoting the true spirit of peace among the peoples of the world. When I suggested that the proper organization for the future peace of the world deserved frequent emphasis by the Vatican, he said: "You know, I do speak frequently; do you mean I should speak of the peace to come even more often than I do now?"

I replied in the affirmative. Then he emphasized once more his firm belief that the problems engendered by hate and national antagonisms can be softened and removed by the exercise of Christian charity, which is certainly true. As the head of the Roman Catholic Church, he naturally stresses the importance of Christian conduct in mundane matters. But I received the impression that Pope Pius is much less concerned with what particular kind of peace machinery may be established than

with the moral attitude of the men who try to make it work. Yet here is the question I asked myself as I left the Vatican that day: Can a peace-minded nation, merely by the exercise of Christian charity, persuade a war-minded nation to change its ways? The obvious answer is, no. But the Pope's idea, if I understand it correctly, is that, after a warlike nation has been defeated, punished, and humiliated, Christian charity must play its part to bring it back into the family of nations.

Throughout my stay in Rome I remained conscious of the strong influence, moral and political, that is emanating from the Vatican.

Political Interviews

On my first day in Rome, I had asked the Italian porter at my hotel to direct me to the American Embassy. There may be some significance in the fact that he sent me to the palace occupied by Myron Taylor, the President's special envoy to the Vatican, instead of to United States Ambassador Kirk.

For the moment, Myron Taylor is playing a more important role in Rome than our regular Ambassador. He has secured the cooperation of the Vatican, the Italian government, the American government, and private Italian groups in the United States for the organization of relief. This is the dominant need of present-day Italy. The first ship carrying relief supplies had arrived at Naples, but it was to be many weeks before these supplies could be distributed. Here, as everywhere, army needs come first. Sometimes a private relief agency, unhampered by the formalities and restrictions that apply to all official government organizations, can work more quickly and efficiently in the distribution of relief. Mr. Taylor thinks this may be true of the agency he has helped to create: only the future can tell. So long as the army controls all priorities on sea and land transport,

it continues to have the deciding word. Somebody will certainly have to be blamed if things continue to go wrong with civilian Italy. After talking with practically everyone concerned, I should find it rather difficult to make a proper adjudication of the blame. Things have gone badly on the Italian military front, so the army is trying its best to do better. They have gone very badly on the civilian front, so the Allied Military Government, the Rome Area Commander, and Premier Bonomi's government are all trying to do better. So far, neither the men at the front nor those behind the front have achieved the successes for which they hoped, but it has not been for lack of trying.

I talked with three members of the Cabinet, Premier Bonomi, Count Sforza, and the Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, Visconti. I found Count Sforza at his home, 20 Via della Villa Ricatti. He was bundled up in hat and overcoat, as he was just getting over a severe cold. He looked old and weak and was in a troubled state of mind. He talked briefly about the Bonomi government and he agreed that it was not in a strong position. I think he might even have agreed that it was not composed of strong men. Most of its members are older men who belong to Italy's past rather than to her future.

Count Sforza spoke of the impending political crisis of which he was already aware but which did not come to a head until some weeks later. At that time the British government had not yet vetoed his appointment as Foreign Minister and he wondered whether he should accept the post of Italian Ambassador to the United States which he had been offered. I urged him strongly to accept. It was my feeling that he could serve his country more effectively in the United States than at home. He is thoroughly familiar with American conditions, he speaks English perfectly, and he has many friends in the United States.

In Italy he is under constant attack and he no longer has the physical strength to meet the difficult conditions, political and otherwise, which he faces in Rome.

When I saw Prime Minister Bonomi I asked him whether he agreed with me that food represents Italy's greatest immediate need. In his reply he emphasized the seriousness of the food situation. Then I asked him what he proposed to do about it.

He replied: "Italy was never self-sufficient in bread. Mussolini's statement to the contrary was nothing but Fascist propaganda. Bread is our staple food. America must send us the necessary wheat."

By this time I had begun to resent a little the almost universal assumption by leading Italians that the United States has the exclusive responsibility for seeing that Italians are properly looked after. So I said to the Premier: "Why should the United States bear the entire responsibility for feeding Italy?" His diplomatic reply was that by the term "America" he meant to include such wheat-exporting countries as Canada and the Argentine.

We then talked about Communism. This is a delicate subject so long as the Communists hold several important posts in the Italian Cabinet. I told the Premier that almost everywhere in Europe there seems to be a fear of Communism.

He replied: "I do not believe that Italy provides fertile soil for Communism. Our middle class is strong. In Italy Communism presents itself as a democratic party willing to collaborate with the other democratic parties."

For the moment this is certainly true, but I can only wonder how long it will last. Later, in Belgium, Premier Pierlot told me in some detail about his experiences with his Communist colleagues. He admitted that the Communist members of his Belgian Cabinet tried very hard to work with the government

at the difficult task of reorganizing Belgium after the Germans were driven out. But he found that these men had no will of their own. They were not permitted to act as their judgment dictated. When the crisis came, and there were riots and the government was obliged to use the police to stop the riots from spreading, the Communist Party ordered its members to resign. It will be interesting to see if that history will repeat itself in Italy.

Does Italy Want a King?

The Bonomi Cabinet is divided on the question of continuing the monarchy. The Communists and the Socialists are vigorously vocal in their determination not to have another king. Most of the other parties seem to think that the monarchy might serve as a stabilizing influence. I received the impression that both Premier Bonomi and Count Sforza might welcome the advent of Prince Humbert to the throne. But both refused to make any definite commitment on this controversial subject.

The Allied officers with whom I discussed the matter were unanimous in desiring the King's return. The high-ranking American officers who had met Prince Humbert were all favorably disposed toward him. He is now nominal head of the Italian government. An interview with him was arranged without difficulty. He is living in the Royal Palace under approximately the same conditions which would obtain if he were already king. The old liveried servants still greet you at the Palace door and there is a large entourage of civilian and uniformed secretaries and aides. You pass through several elaborately decorated waiting rooms before reaching the smaller and more simple apartment where the Prince has established his working desk. He is a handsome, intelligent, sympathetic

human being. As kings go, I should think he might rank above the average. I began our conversation by commenting on the lovely picture of his wife and four children which was standing on his desk. He told me that they had been in Switzerland for some time past and that he missed them. He spoke frankly about his future.

"I don't want to be King of Italy," he said, "unless the Italian people express their preference for me. I will serve only if they want me to be their king."

We talked about the best way of deciding such a matter. It might be settled by a Constituent Assembly which would determine the form of Italy's future government. Or it might be settled by the direct vote of the people on the issue of king or no king. There has been some sharp discussion in Italy as to which plan should be followed. Prince Humbert put it this way:

"I have no definite preference, one way or the other, and do not know that I am entitled to have one. In any case, I am perfectly willing to abide by the results of either a direct or an indirect plebiscite."

But he did have some definite ideas concerning Italy's new constitution. Everyone seems to agree that there must be a new one. Prince Humbert likes the American system of a written constitution interpreted by a Supreme Court. He likes it because it is a flexible system under which a constitution can be made to mean what successive generations think it ought to mean.

Of course, our American tradition is anti-royalist, yet, after studying the British system, I have never felt that a well-controlled, well-behaved king was necessarily an evil institution. In the British Empire the Crown is both a valuable symbol and a center of loyalty. It enshrines the values which belong to an old and respected tradition. The Romans demanded bread and

circuses. In modern Britain the Beveridge plan will provide the bread and the Royal family helps provide the spectacles we all enjoy. Italy can never become a democracy overnight. She has had great democratic statesmen like Mazzini and Cavour, great democratic soldiers like Garibaldi. But with her multi-party system, democratic institutions worked none too well. Italy responded very easily to the leadership of the strong man. The Italians must now choose for themselves between a republic or a constitutional monarchy but I see no reason why American opinion needs to quarrel with those Italians who prefer a king.

Visiting the Italian Front

During my stay in Italy I made two journeys to the front-lines. One was as the guest of the British, the other as the guest of the American Fifth Army. On my first journey I traveled to and from the front in a British motor car. It was not a particularly sturdy car and it did not carry enough gas to complete our journey. The British driver told me that he was unable to carry any extra gas because there were no cans in which to put it, but that he hoped we might find some en route. The car did break down several times. We did have a blowout and we did run out of gas. But the qualities of my British driver offset the car's weaknesses. He was equal to every emergency that developed during the eighteen hours we were on the road. Once, at night, we had to take a detour and after driving along difficult side roads for three hours, ended exactly where we had begun. I was inclined to blow up but my driver merely remarked: "Too bad, isn't it? I turned right when I should have turned left." So he turned left and we eventually got back to Rome around midnight.

Driving through Italy is a sad experience. Everywhere there

are wrecked war machines on both sides of the road. The scrap-iron business ought to be good in Italy for years to come. Farmers are learning how to use various pieces from these overturned tanks and trucks, so they are gradually being whittled down. But the heavier parts still lie just where the war's events left them.

It is appalling to see how much of Italy has already been destroyed. It always was a poor country. So much of it is hilly or mountainous or barren. In few areas does the soil seem naturally rich and productive. Only infinite labor and a great deal of cultivation can persuade it to yield. There is little industry and no sign of the kind of prosperity which abounds in America. There was much less native traffic on the roads than I was to see in France. The horses are poor and there are few of them.

We passed many construction gangs but they were all engaged in repairing roads and bridges used for military purposes. No houses are being rebuilt. How to provide shelter for bombed-out people is a difficult problem. A good many are still wandering along the roads near the front.

Luncheon with General Alexander

The climax of my first drive through the forward areas was a luncheon with General Alexander. He was then the Commander in Chief of the Allied armies fighting in Italy. Now he has succeeded General Wilson as Commander of the entire Mediterranean theater. As everyone knows, the Fifth Army in Italy is largely American, while the Eighth Army is largely British. It was General Alexander's task to coordinate the operations of the two armies and to assign to each a proper share of the difficult task of driving the Germans from their well-prepared mountain positions. I never pictured the difficulties of the

task we face in Italy until General Alexander took me into his large map room and briefed me on the situation our troops confront. I had not realized how many first-class divisions the Germans have put into this campaign nor did I understand just why our progress has been so slow. But when you stand in front of a map that particularizes natural obstacles, you begin to grasp the advantage of defensive over offensive operations in this terrain.

The Eighth Army in Italy is one of the most polyglot armies in the world. When, in the course of our journey to General Alexander's headquarters, we ran out of gas, as my chauffeur had expected, we stopped every passing car to try to get some. Within thirty minutes we had hailed Hindus, French Colonials, Italians, Brazilians, Poles, Englishmen, Americans, and South Africans. Only the South African and the English drivers carried extra gasoline. It is never easy to coordinate and supply a polyglot army, but General Alexander assured me that it has created no unusual difficulties on the Italian front. Yet I am certain that any commander would prefer an army all of whose members speak the same language, eat the same food, and use the same weapons. That is one important advantage the German armies have over the Allied.

General Alexander is the very opposite of what might be called a blood-and-guts general. He is a charming British gentleman of the old school, quiet in speech, gentle in manner, courteous to a degree. At luncheon he appeared much more interested in cultural subjects than in the military topics he hears discussed every day. He was delighted to talk with me about a wonderful Italian art exhibit in the Palazzo Venezia, which we both had seen. He was much interested in what I was able to tell him about my conversations with Adolf Hitler. We had a good talk about dictator psychology.

His approach to war problems is that of a trained technician, who makes a painstaking preparatory study of the means needed to achieve a given end. After talking both to General Alexander and to General Clark, then Commander of the Fifth Army, I got the impression that both men have the feeling we must not waste too many lives on the Italian front. Our troops on that front are battle-tired. Some of them have already accomplished the impossible and they cannot be asked to do that too often. Moreover, some of General Alexander's best troops were taken away from him and sent to France. The French, for example, had some very fine divisions on the Italian front. They are now fighting in France. General Alexander paid a particularly warm tribute to the Japanese-American battalion. These American boys of Japanese ancestry made such a fine record while fighting in Italy, that it was decided their services were needed on a more active front. I wish that those bigoted Americans who are trying to deny to Americans of Japanese ancestry their constitutional rights could talk to the generals under whom these valiant young Americans have fought. Their contribution to our victory in this war, both in Europe and in the Pacific areas, certainly entitles them to fair treatment not only for themselves but for their parents and relatives. It is the very negation of the American spirit to deny any man his legal rights because of his parentage or the place where he happened to be born.

At the Fifth Army Front

My second journey to the Italian front was made both by plane and by car. In all matters related to transportation we Americans have the advantage over our British allies. We have more planes and more cars available for all purposes, and the average quality of both is better. Catching a ride on a car or

plane is always more difficult in a British area than in an American one. We do things on a more extravagant scale than any other nation in the world. We have lots of money and we do not hesitate to spend it, sometimes wastefully. Anybody who visits an American front can see many examples of what might be called waste. But one must be careful in forming such a judgment. Very often we conserve manpower by being wasteful in the use of machine power, just as we can save lives by being extravagant in the use of munitions. I know that the war is costing us infinitely more for each man engaged than it is costing any other country. This arises, first of all, from our much higher standard of living; and secondly, from the fact that we would rather save time than save money. There will be many charges of waste and extravagance made against our forces before this war is over. Let us in each case insist on a careful, impartial investigation before we accept the charge. I say this because it would be so easy for me to write a first-class scandal story in connection with some of the things I saw on trips to various military fronts.

On my way to Fifth Army Headquarters, I flew from Rome to Florence. In winter you never know just when you will be able to fly because of mud conditions on so many of the Italian airfields. Visibility may be perfect but ground conditions may be impossible as the result of heavy rains.

It was a joy to see that Florence had scarcely been touched by the war. Only along the Arno River were there signs of bombing. Many of the bridges were down and some fine old buildings along both banks were wrecked. But the best of the historic structures still stand. It should be possible to rebuild everything very much as it was before. The shops in Florence still sold some of the decorated leather work for which the city is famous. But the American soldiers were rapidly buying up whatever

was left and the shopkeepers told me that getting more leather would be difficult.

The roads leading from Florence to the Fifth Army front were among the most crowded in Europe. A constant stream of supply cars of every type and kind was moving in both directions. Predominant was the medium-sized 6 x 6 two-and-one-half-ton truck. This is classed with the jeep and the transportable Bailey section bridge as America's greatest contribution to war transport. It carries a good load and seems to get about everywhere.

A few miles outside of Florence I was transferred from a command car to a jeep. They told me that we were going to leave the main roads and follow the route of the Fifth Army from Florence to the mountain positions now occupied. This was to give me an idea of the terrain over which our boys had to fight their way. It was an enlightening experience. One must see this territory to appreciate what it took to conquer it. Here was one hill position after another. To reach it you had to fight your way across open ground. You had to get your motorized equipment over tank traps twenty feet wide and more than a mile long. At every turn of every road there were concrete bastions and riflemen's pits where last-stand defenders made us pay for every foot of ground. The mud was ankle-deep everywhere. All bridges were blown out and some had not yet been replaced. Wherever the road ran along the side of a hill or mountain the Germans had blown it up at the most difficult spots. Large numbers of Italians were at work creating passable detours and rebuilding what had been destroyed.

Several times we passed areas where our soldiers had to fight their way uphill for miles on end. Then, when they finally reached the top of one ridge, it was to discover that the Germans had established themselves on another a little farther

along. When we finally reached the front we found it was a series of positions on top of a ridge. Far off in the distance the city of Bologna was visible but there were several intervening lines of hills. Everyone agreed that months would pass before we could get there if we insisted on pushing straight ahead.

The Fifth Army positions changed very little for several months after I saw them and I can well understand the reason why. The Eighth Army was facing a terrain much less difficult from the military point of view. I should imagine that only after the Eighth Army gets a little closer to Bologna, will it be time for the Fifth Army to resume its advance.

General Clark and his Pipeline

General Clark, who was Commander of the Fifth Army when I saw him—he has since succeeded General Alexander in command of all the armies in Italy—told me that a very large proportion of his total casualties is borne by the infantry. I can well understand why, after seeing the miles of well-established German sniper trenches and innumerable, strategically placed steel and concrete pillboxes which had to be taken by the Fifth Army one at a time.

General Clark is a fine-looking soldier, tall, spare, keen and alert. His headquarters were located only a few miles behind the front. He used to live in a trailer but now he has substituted a portable shack which can be pulled down and rebuilt in a new place within a few hours. On the day I was with him he was pleased at the completion of a new gasoline pipeline running from an Italian port directly to the frontlines. These pipelines, which I saw everywhere, are one of the miracles of modern war-making. You establish your gasoline supply at some convenient port and from there it is pumped directly to the fighting fronts. When the front moves, the pipeline moves.

We have them in all war theaters and have even completed one along the length of the new Burma Road. Having just seen the overcrowded condition of the few Italian roads which served the Fifth Army, I was much impressed when told that the new pipeline has eliminated three hundred trucks which were on a short piece of road day and night carrying gasoline to the front. Think of the amount of gas we save by pumping it instead of transporting it by gas power. On every front in this war transport is the key to what an army can or cannot do.

I inspected one position we had captured on the Italian front which was so strong we had to bring up and establish men and material over a period of three months before we were ready to take it. Then, after three months of preparation, in which transport played the dominant part, we took it in three days.

Shops and Prices in Rome

Back in Rome, as I walked to and from my appointments, I had time for a little shopping. Although the lira is stabilized at one cent, which seems very low, the prices of most things are high. All the shopkeepers told me that they could get no replacements, so they saw no reason why they should not charge high prices. Attractive pieces of jewelry were still available for those who could afford them. Allied soldiers had already bought up most of the inexpensive things. There was a much smaller choice here than I found later in Paris. No one seemed to care whether or not he made a sale.

To help our soldiers, who rarely have any idea of what things are really worth, the large post exchange in Rome has given counter space to a number of Italian dealers in jewelry and other knickknacks. The prices are fixed at a scale which is fair to both buyer and seller. The sales people are able to speak English. The profit and the wages go to Italian citizens and

everyone is satisfied. It seemed to me a very sensible arrangement. Yet this is just the sort of thing that takes courage and initiative in any man's army. The chief aim of the routine army officer is to escape criticism from his superiors. He does nothing that he thinks might get him into trouble. He goes on doing things the way they always have been done and suggests no changes or innovations. I predict a successful civilian career for the American officer who was running the Rome Post Exchange at the time of my visit.

Officers on Leave

One of the most satisfying sights of my entire stay in Italy was the scene at an hotel which had been set aside as a recreation center for officers from the Fifth Army front. The GI's from that army also have their hotels but I did not happen to see them. These officers get a few days' leave when they have been on the fighting front for six months or more. They arrive at the hotel and are assigned a room. Then they are told what awaits them. There is a Turkish bath establishment, a barber shop, a recreation room, a reading room, a first-class restaurant with a dinner-time orchestra. Each evening there is a dance with charming partners provided by an Italian civilian committee which looks out for this particular hotel. There is a girl available for every officer who feels the need of feminine companionship. For a small charge he can entertain her as his dinner guest. If they both like dancing, he can invite her to stay for the dance.

I dined at the hotel to watch the proceedings and was charmed with the atmosphere. There was a delightful spirit of joyous gaiety that never became boisterous. At some of the tables there was a bottle of Italian wine, but no one drank too much and the fun continued at the dance. Some of the girls

had been dancing with American officers for months. Much to the delight of the new arrivals these Roman maidens were experts in the newest steps. So you saw these boys, and most of them were very young, only a dozen hours away from dirt and death, relaxing in carefree abandon and having the first really good time they had experienced in many months. I was delighted with the liberal and generous spirit that made this possible.

During the daytime the hotel provides guides to the sights of Rome. There are special visits to art galleries and museums with experts taking charge of small groups. There are sight-seeing tours by bus and there are shopping expeditions. For those who are interested, there are classes in Italian or in drawing. Something in the way of amusement or instruction is available for every hour of the day and evening, and, of course, there is a whole list of concerts, operas, theaters, and moving-picture shows. Many an American will come back to the United States with a warm spot in his heart for the city of Rome.

At Mediterranean Command Headquarters

Before leaving Italy I paid a visit to the headquarters of the Mediterranean Command some distance south of Rome. Its offices occupy a marvelous huge palace which must be nameless for military reasons. There I had the privilege of meeting such men as Lt. General Joseph T. McNarney and Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, Commander of the Fifteenth Air Force, who told me that our constant endeavor was to keep out of conflicting Italian politics. I spent a very happy and most interesting evening as a guest in General Eaker's hut. All the British and American military leaders of the area were present. It was one of the few times that I have had a chance to listen in on informal shop talk in front of a fire by a group of highly trained

military experts. You learn again how much the human equation counts in military matters. We are too apt nowadays to think of war in terms of machines. One must hear a commander analyze his enemy and endeavor to appraise what he is likely to do under a given set of circumstances, to realize that the sound psychologist has his proper place on every general staff.

In the back of the civilian's mind, as he hears these much-starred men talking in time of war, there is always the picture of those tens of thousands of infantrymen who pay the price when generals make mistakes. Yet these generals are altogether human. When they talk with one another they make no pretense to infallibility. They are just ordinary men, even as you and I, with a certain amount of specialized knowledge which they must use as best they can. As I heard them talk there came back to my mind some of those thrilling passages in Tolstoi's *War and Peace* in which he teaches us so much about the strength and weakness of the men of war.

Standing next morning before General Eaker's maps and statistical tables, I was struck again by how large a part the air force plays in modern war. So much of what it does cannot now be told. I sometimes think that the most interesting stories of this war will come out only when it is all over.

On Mussolini's Balcony

Perhaps the happiest hour of my Italian stay was spent in the Palazzo Venezia, where in former years I had gone to interview Benito Mussolini. On this occasion I granted myself an hour between appointments to see a collection of masterpieces which the British had gathered and opened to visitors for the benefit of some worthy charity. Here were some of the choicest specimens of the greatest period of Italian art. Each one was a

masterpiece which any American museum would have been proud to own. When I came to the great hall at one end of which Mussolini had established his working desk, the desk itself and the bust of Caesar formerly above it were gone. Almost directly facing the same corner where Il Duce had smiled or glowered upon his visitors there was a glorious Venus by Titian. She was facing Il Duce's corner with a benignant smile which seemed to say: Italian dictators last but for a day while the glories of Italian art are eternal.

I stepped out onto the famous balcony from which Mussolini tossed his phrases to the eager Roman mob beneath. In the square there were only a few peaceful people and a great many pigeons. Men and birds alike seemed hungry and eager only for food. It was a warm sunny day after weeks of rain and the traditional blue sky of Rome was overhead. It was good to breathe the air of non-Fascist Italy in just that particular spot. It gave me hope that Italy can be herself again.

4

REBIRTH OF FRANCE

Desolation from the Air

MY ROUTE from Rome to Paris was indirect. The Air Force Colonel, whose guest I was, gave me a chance to see Cassino from the air by daylight. The picture of ruin which the headlights of my car had revealed the week before was supplemented now by the view from overhead. It is only as you look down on a much-bombed town that you see how each building has been completely gutted. You are apt to be deceived as to the amount of damage done by bombing from the air if you view it from on foot. This is true even in large cities like London. Flying overhead you realize that many buildings which may look whole from the outside have received important damage on the inside. As we flew around the top of Monte Cassino, the walls of the Abbey seemed intact and it was only as we flew higher and looked straight down that its complete destruction became apparent.

It is in flying over Italy that one gets a real sense of the country's poverty. It is so hilly and so bare. It is a brown and not a green landscape. Throughout southern and central Italy there is little industry. Everything suggests a low standard of living.

Then, after a brief flight across the Mediterranean, comes France. At once the scene changes. The fields are greener.

There are more factory chimneys, more straight roads, railroads, and waterways. You sense at once that you are flying over a richer, better-developed country. I made the trip in a courier plane, converted from a bomber into a transport, and was privileged to sit in the bombardier's seat in the plexi-glass nose and so had an unrestricted view of the countryside. As we moved up the Rhone Valley I had occasional glimpses of broken bridges but there did not seem to be many shattered buildings. Although this was the route of the German withdrawal from the Mediterranean, little evidence of important damage was visible from the air. The enemy's retreat was rapid and the Germans made no determined stand anywhere along the way. It was a blessing that the campaign in both the north and south of France developed as it did. On all my journeys through and over France by car and plane the contrast with what I had seen in Italy came constantly to my mind.

This helps to explain the speed with which France has recovered. Almost all her territory was cleared of the enemy within a few weeks. Whereas in Italy there have been many months of the most stubborn fighting, by far the richest third of the country is still occupied by the enemy at this writing. If this part should be destroyed, Italy will, indeed, be impoverished.

The city of Paris is now surrounded by huge airfields. We landed at one which had been heavily bombed by American flyers and I had a chance to note the accuracy with which they had knocked out every building on the field and pockmarked every runway. The principal runways had already been repaired but the location of the bomb craters was still visible from above. I was told later that the soggy character of the soil around Paris makes it difficult to keep the runways in repair. The bomb craters have to be filled in frequently because the new soil keeps

sinking down. This is particularly true in the winter months when there is much rainfall. Large crews of French civilians are now working under our direction at all the airports around Paris repairing and enlarging them. An enormous amount of air traffic is pouring into and out of the city. Special large-scale facilities have recently been provided for air evacuation of the wounded. During the brief hour in which I completed my arrival formalities at the airport, half a dozen planes from the United States landed passengers and cargo at this airport. Air transport operations seem to go into a new high with every passing week.

Paris Ever Beautiful

The drive into Paris was an exciting adventure. For anyone who knows Paris, it is always a thrill to return to the world's best-loved city. When you come back to a Paris just released from four years of enemy occupation, you cannot help but feel anxious about the amount of physical and spiritual damage that may have been done. And what joy to find all the old landmarks intact, to find the Paris of yesteryear with every old well-remembered place smiling a welcome. First, the boulevards of the Latin Quarter with their sidewalk cafés. A few tables were occupied even though it was a rainy day. Then, the familiar bridge over the Seine and, miracle of miracles, as our car slowly moved across to the farther bank, I actually saw a Paris fisherman catch a shimmering four-inch fish. That is an experience few other Paris visitors can share. I took it as a good omen.

We rolled past the well-ordered gardens of the Tuileries to the Rue de Rivoli with its historic colonnades. The first time I passed these colonnades in 1900 I saw the words: "Vive le Roi" marked in black letters on many of them. Now they bore

posters announcing a victory loan and a benefit performance for French aviation with Josephine Baker as the star.

I had read that four years of enemy occupation had left few scars on Paris but to see it all again with my own eyes—the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Place de la Concorde, to find the gendarmes wearing the same old blue capes and waving the same white batons at the still unresponsive traffic, was like finding an old friend looking extremely well after a serious illness. Glimpsed from a passing car, the shops seemed much brighter and much better supplied than those in Rome. Men and particularly women were much better dressed than in Italy. Despite war, occupation, and inflation, something of the Paris chic had survived.

The Ritz—Army Hotel

My destination was the Ritz Hotel in the Place Vendôme. General Charles P. George, head of the Army Air Transport Command, had told me that the ATC had taken it over and was operating it as an army hotel. I supposed, therefore, that this was the hotel to which I was to be assigned. I showed my credentials at the desk and was heartily welcomed by the genial major in charge. He was one of my radio listeners and did his best to make me comfortable. It was only later I learned that as a war correspondent I should have gone to the Hotel Scribe near the Place de l'Opéra. This was the hotel assigned to press and radio, where the public relations conferences were held and where all facilities were provided. It was lucky for me that I did not know this. The Ritz Hotel was much more quiet, much more spacious and had much better service. It was always filled with a distinguished company and was a happy hunting ground for those few press and radio correspondents who were permitted to enjoy its hospitality.

Here, as at six hundred and fifty other Paris hotels now operated by the army, the French supply the service and the army quartermaster supplies the rations. In the entire Paris area the military government employs some twenty-five thousand French civilians and we probably maintain a not much greater number of military personnel. We followed the same rule here as elsewhere, that a soldier must not be used for any work which can be done by a civilian. We are also employing our prisoners of war, not in the city of Paris itself but in the environs. They work well and are much better satisfied doing a regular job and getting paid for it, than being cooped up all day in a prison camp. Frederick C. Crawford, former President of the National Association of Manufacturers, who lived at the Ritz while I was there, has reported to the American public on its luxurious appointments. These, of course, all date from before the war when the Paris Ritz was known as one of the world's great luxury hotels. The French have done an excellent maintenance job, first for the Germans and now for us. But during my stay the hotel was not heated and for most of the time hot water was available only on Thursdays. Even then it was best to take your hot bath in the morning if you did not want to miss it. In the dining room a small stove took off the morning chill and, fortunately, in Paris winters are not as cold as in New York. Although the meals at the Ritz were based on army rations, the French chef managed to give them considerable variety.

Here is my first Paris dinner as printed on the Ritz menu card which I took along as a souvenir: *Crème tomate—Jambon braisé sauce Madère—Velouté d'épinard—Salade—Flan au riz Condé*. In case you don't know what this means, here is a GI translation: Canned tomato soup—boiled ham—canned spinach—salad—and, for desert, boiled rice. Yet with its sauces and

trimmings it was served like a Ritz meal and tasted like one.

In ninety per cent of all livable hotels in the Paris area, the personnel is supplied on reverse lend-lease. This contributes much to the comfort of the many Allied officers who are fortunate enough to be stationed there. We have also begun to bring the boys at the front back to Paris for forty-eight-hour leaves. Every American GI wants to see Paris as his father did before him and these brief leaves are a welcome break in army routine. A few thousands have gone AWOL but most of them report back voluntarily sooner or later. The chances are that the majority of the men now fighting on the Western Front will enjoy a visit to the French capital before the war is over.

The Red Cross in Paris

The Red Cross takes care of our boys while they are in Paris. Upon arrival they report to the building near the Opéra formerly occupied by the American Express and then are assigned to quarters at one of several Red Cross clubs or hotels. When they hear about hot baths, beds with mattresses and sheets, dances, theaters, and other entertainment, they cheer with delight. It is no easy task to handle many thousands of exuberant young males every day but the Red Cross people seem to make a good job of it. The men and women who operate the various clubs were carefully selected. There are few misfits even though it takes endless patience, enormous physical stamina, and a well-balanced mentality to do the necessary work.

We were very well advised to concentrate all our military welfare work under the Red Cross. The petty rivalries of the last war are eliminated. There is enough money available to do things properly and the Red Cross has both the experience and

the type of personnel from top to bottom that makes for efficiency.

During his stay in Paris a member of the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives gave an interview to *Stars and Stripes*, the army newspaper, in which he complained of the prices our soldiers had to pay in Paris. Since my return to New York I have read the same complaint from a special writer in *The New York Times*; like the Congressman he seems to know little about actual prices. The complaint is not justified. Soldiers get room and meals at the Red Cross hotel for a dollar a day and, of course, the many thousands who are stationed in Paris do not have to pay anything for their food and lodging. Every uniformed American has access to free concerts, free theaters, free rides, and free excursions. They pay a small fee for special sightseeing trips and certain guided tours, but there is the greatest variety of free entertainment in the clubs and elsewhere. Luxuries are expensive. The Café de la Paix charged me sixty cents for a glass of white wine. French cognac is even higher. But I bought a warming cup of bouillon at one of the small boulevard bars for six cents and a glass of red wine at a similar place for ten cents. Theaters and music halls are less expensive than in New York City. Black market meals cost from two to five dollars, but Americans are not supposed to eat French food. On the whole, the only things which the American soldier in Paris finds expensive are those things which he is better off without.

Eisenhower

It was my good fortune on my very first day in Paris to catch one of the rare conferences which General Eisenhower grants to the war correspondents. It was held in the briefing room of the Hotel Scribe and was attended by more than one hundred Brit-

ish and American writers and radio reporters. There were at least a dozen women and their number is constantly increasing.

General Eisenhower is not a large man. He is utterly devoid of ostentation. He suggests extreme modesty and he has a very winning, almost diffident smile. He is quick to catch the implication of a sharp question, grins for a moment at the one who asked it, then turns serious and does his best to give a responsive answer. I got the sense of an individual—this impression was confirmed later in a private interview—who is stronger in character than in sheer brain power. I should be utterly unable to decide whether Ike Eisenhower is a great general. My own feeling is that we shall do much better to let history judge who are and who are not the great generals of this war. But for a man with an exclusively military training, General Eisenhower certainly possesses remarkable tact and great diplomatic skill.

He was not optimistic about rapid progress on the Western Front. He said that our armies were maintaining the maximum pressure of which they were capable. The evident purpose of the conference was to apply a little pressure to the American home front, but he also took the occasion to praise what the British had done on Walcheren Island in opening Antwerp harbor and what the French were doing on the Alsace front. The great French fortress town of Belfort had just fallen and he told us that nothing had pleased him more in a long time than the fact that Belfort was captured by the French. He was always in favor of giving more arms to the French and promised them to do all in his power to secure such arms. (I am happy to add that he has succeeded.) He had no reservations in pointing out to us that he wanted France to progress at the greatest possible speed. He recalled that the French had fought under him in Tunisia and in France, and added that there is no finer soldier in the world than the Frenchman. When I saw the

way his comments were played up in the French press the next day, I realized why he had made them.

His appraisal of German strength is that of a man who does not underestimate his enemy. Here is the way he put it: "Enemy morale is not yet broken. Our pressure should be at its highest point on the day of the German surrender. That means we must be a unit, from the man in the foxhole to the man at home with the plough. The people at home may not understand the need as well as we do. We shall have to consume a whole world of tires, trucks, guns, and ammunition. Our conquest of Alsace is a long step in advance. The Alsace area is not as vital to Germany as the Rhineland farther north but the loss of any conquered territory has a definite influence on enemy morale. Let us not underestimate the new Volksturm troops which the Germans are putting in. Our men say that any German, even when he belongs to the Volksturm, is a formidable enemy in a pillbox, but once you break a Volksturm line, you can roll it up."

My impression was that General Eisenhower expects the heaviest fighting on the Western Front to take place on the left bank of the Rhine. The Germans have brought their chief forces west of the Rhine. It is not going to be easy to get them back across the river. Therefore, they must expect to fight it out to the bitter end before they are forced back across their principal river lines.

Like most other students of the war, General Eisenhower believes that if the German General Staff had its way the war would have ended some time ago. When France was cleared of the enemy at a speed unprecedented in military history it became clear that the German cause was doomed. Ordinarily, the Germans would have called it a day. However, Germany is governed by a gang of brigands who have nothing to gain personally by surrender, and so they continue to use all the power they

control to carry on the fight to utter destruction. Because General Eisenhower had come to this conclusion he was putting on pressure for more supplies. He felt that there was danger of too much complacency at home. His transport experts had promised him to get to the front everything that America would send. He pointed to the steadily increasing port capacity and the necessity of using it to supply the new divisions that were being put into action.

"There's a job here," General Eisenhower said, "for every man we can bring in. We can use every trained and equipped soldier that we can get. We are going to pile up failure after failure on the German until he cracks. The people of the United States must realize that we have got to hit him with everything we can raise until he collapses. I want more supplies than we are getting and I think the soldier wants more than he is getting both now and in the future. To get the peace, we've got to fight like hell for it."

For the better part of an hour General Eisenhower answered penetrating questions. He side-stepped nothing. The conference was off the record except for such parts as were afterwards released. But the public relations officers in charge showed good judgment in permitting quotation of the most pregnant sentences. All the newsmen seemed to like and respect the Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies. That is something in his favor.

It was interesting to note those points in General Eisenhower's informal remarks which the censors told us must not under any conditions be quoted or hinted at. They had followed everything he said and made their notes as he went along. Their comments came after he had gone. Various newsmen then asked the public relations officers for permission to quote various things. By the time they had finished, almost everything the

General had said was available for publication. My one quarrel with our public relations officers is really with the men who write the official frontline communiqués. They are too prone to emphasize enemy losses and to conceal our own. The result, as I told General Eisenhower in a private interview, is to give a false picture of the progress of the war. There has been a constant complaint in government and army circles of over-optimism on the home front. Nothing has contributed more to that over-optimism than the false picture for which our daily official communiqués are responsible. I should make it a rule never to emphasize enemy losses without giving some idea of what it has cost us to inflict those losses.

Whenever and wherever the war reached a position of stalemate on the Italian Front or Western Front, we have almost invariably exaggerated the importance of small territorial gains by ignoring completely what it cost us to achieve them. Secretary of War Stimson, every now and then, issues figures on total casualties, but this is not the same as if those casualties were related to the particular action in which they occurred. Nor is the ever-present excuse of not wishing to give information to the enemy a sufficient justification for our policy of silence concerning unpleasant facts. I am not alone in this opinion; the matter was brought up by many other correspondents during my attendance at SHAEF briefing sessions in Paris.

Wide Choice of Entertainment

The easiest way to get from one part of Paris to another is by subway. Many of the stations were used by the Germans for the manufacture of war material in a safe underground shelter. One by one these stations were cleared out and made available to the public. By the end of 1944 practically the entire underground system was again in operation. It did not close down

until midnight. The subway carried me between the Hotel Scribe, from where I did my broadcast, to the theater or music hall. I usually filed my broadcast copy with the censor early in the evening and then went to see a play to help fill in the time until 12:45 A.M. when I went on the air.

It was a surprise to learn of the wide variety of entertainment offered by a Paris which had been free of enemy occupation for only a few months. Of course, the Germans had enjoyed much of that same entertainment. When I looked at the amusement page of *France-Soir*, I found that there were appeals for customers by twenty-eight theaters, eleven music halls, two circuses, five cabarets, and fifty moving-picture houses. In addition to these there are many others that do not advertise. Both the Opéra and the Opéra Comique give regular performances which are about as good or as bad as those of former years. The Comédie Française maintains its traditional high standard in the performance of both classic and modern plays. The anniversary performance of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*, which I saw as the guest of the French Foreign Office, was an artistic triumph. The theater was cold and the audience wore overcoats but one soon forgot the temperature in the enjoyment of the performance. There are frequent benefit performances which bring together old and new stars. I attended one which marked the return of Josephine Baker, a colored dancer and singer, to the Paris stage. She scored a great personal triumph and at the end of the performance had the entire audience singing, first *Tipperary*, then *Over There*, and finally *Madelon*, which suggests that so far as Paris is concerned the songs of the last war are still the songs of this war.

I was amazed at the vitality which the modern French drama had retained during this difficult period. *Antigone*, by Robert Garnier, at the Théâtre de l'Atelier, was an eloquent demon-

stration of the triumph of the human spirit in the face of the dictator. It used a classic background to teach a modern lesson. At the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier there was a beautifully written and acted study of adolescence under the conditions of the occupation. A young woman school teacher takes an unruly gang of boys and transforms them. Of course, the climax of the play is reached when one of them falls in love with her. It was a deft psychological study—the French theater at its best. This play had been a success under the German occupation and carried right along after we took over. At the Comédie Française I enjoyed one of the well-written plays of François Mauriac whom I had the pleasure of meeting personally. He is now writing for *Figaro* some of the best commentaries on the current scene published in Paris. Several of the more outstanding have already been translated and republished in this country.

My best evening at the Comédie was the previously mentioned revival of Molière's inimitable *Le Malade Imaginaire*. Only the French Academy of Dramatic Art, which is content with nothing less than perfection in even the most minor role, is capable of such a performance. Anyone who thinks he knows how to speak the French language need only go to the Comédie to realize how much he is mistaken. I remembered how forty-four years ago, when I first came to Paris, I used to buy a gallery seat at the Comédie and whisper the words as they were spoken by the actors on the stage in an honest endeavor to imitate their pronunciation.

Folies-Bergères

Of course, no American goes to Paris without visiting the Folies-Bergères. I took Leland Stowe along and we managed to get the last two seats in the house up in the balcony with the GI's. That was one occasion on which I enjoyed the perform-

ance in the auditorium more than the performance on the stage. Most of these American lads were from small towns where they had never seen a musical comedy performance at all, to say nothing of the rather startling—when you see it for the first time—physical revelations for which the Folies-Bergères are famous. The soldiers stamped and whistled and howled to their heart's content. They whooped with joy. They did not understand what was being said but they thoroughly understood and enjoyed what was being shown. To one who has seen four decades of Folies-Bergères performances, this one was certainly not outstanding. Costumes and scenery could hardly be up to former standards under conditions now prevailing, but it was what anyone would call a "good show." It moved rapidly and there was a master of ceremonies who spoke enough bad English to provide the delighted soldiers with some idea of what was going to happen. Altogether it was a memorable night for the larger part of the audience.

Walking about the streets of Paris is always a joy. In some ways, because of the many changes that are evident, it is more interesting now than in normal times. Of the cafés on the *grands boulevards* which are open, a fair proportion are filled with uniformed personnel. This is true particularly at night when a civilian feels very much out of place if he tries to shoulder his way to the bar. At night a considerable number of women are mixed with the crowd.

A problem that has created difficulties for the military authorities in Paris is the rising incidence of venereal disease among our troops in this area. Whereas in England the venereal disease rate has compared favorably with that in the United States, there was a sharp rise after our troops landed in France. Immediate action was taken in an effort to correct that evil. All places of ill-repute were placed out of bounds. The military police

make regular inspections each night to see that this order is obeyed. They were picking up an average of ten soldiers a night. There is rigid insistence that soldiers keep themselves free from preventable disease. While the individual soldier is not punished in this war, as he was in the last, for failing to obey instructions, there is direct pressure on commanding officers within whose units preventable disease develops. A number of officers have been reduced in rank because their units showed a high disease rate. The same punishment is applied to non-commissioned officers who permit themselves to become infected with a preventable disease. And although military supervision can keep military personnel out of disreputable places, it has found no way of preventing contact between men and women on the streets of Paris. The *grands boulevards* and the side streets running off from them are filled with women looking for soldiers and soldiers looking for women.

Some of the small cafés and some of the women who frequent the boulevards are key points in black market operations, particularly in the handling of cigarettes. Part of the time I was in Paris the post exchanges had no cigarettes for sale. During that period the street price went up to six dollars. It has rarely been less than two dollars a pack. For a soldier who can buy his quota of cigarettes for a few cents this provides a great temptation. It is an easy way for him to purchase those French luxuries which he must otherwise deny himself. Enough men yielded to the temptation to build up a well-organized black market ring which stretched all the way from where our war material was being landed in the French ports to the boulevards of Paris. A close-knit gang had its agents in the French railroad service and among the transport workers of the American army. Whole carloads of supplies would be dropped off the train at switching points and left there long enough to give the

members of the gang a chance to clean out the cars. It grew to be such a wholesale business that the military authorities decided to organize a complete system of counter-espionage in order to catch the entire gang, including its leaders. The operation was successful and hundreds of arrests were made within a few hours. In an effort to prevent the same thing from happening again the sentences meted out by military courts have been unusually severe; some were even for life imprisonment. I hope very much that when this deterrent effect has been accomplished, the sentences can be reduced or commuted. I feel sure that for some of these young chaps it was more of a game than a profession, and the temptation was very great.

Shopping in Paris

Shopping in Paris is even more intriguing than usual because of the dislocations arising from the war. There are few of the beautiful French silks left but there is still plenty of rayon. Most American soldiers are interested in buying French perfume. They get quite a shock when they learn the cost of a half-ounce bottle. The chief problem of the big perfume houses is to obtain the handsome bottles and the elaborate packaging that plays such an important part in the perfume business. Most of the French flower perfumes which years ago I saw being made at Grasse in southern France have given way to synthetic perfumes made out of alcohol and oriental essences. The perfume manufacturers provide each of the leading stores with a fixed quota and on certain days of the week you can see GI lines waiting for the perfume shops to open. Leather goods in Paris are more than twice as expensive as in Rome or Florence and are less attractive than the Italian work. The variety of pins and ornaments, which were the chief stock in trade of the numerous little shops in the Rue de Rivoli, are rapidly disap-

pearing. Many of them cannot be replaced as the materials are lacking. The better jewelry stores in Paris will no longer sell you anything that contains more than a tiny quantity of gold or silver unless you deliver a similar quantity of gold or silver as part of the purchase price.

Much to my surprise art exhibits were open all over Paris. Some of the regular annual shows were already under way and the smaller galleries all had something on view. But the best of them all was one simply entitled "Paris," at the *Galérie Charpentier* in the *Faubourg Saint Honoré*. French museums and many French private owners had combined to bring into these spacious galleries more than five hundred pictures and drawings of the city of Paris going back some two centuries. All the well-known French painters, old and new, were represented. For every one of them at some time or other has drawn or painted some Paris scene! I feel sure that tears would come into the eyes of some of the American friends of Paris if they could see this collection which recreates so many of the sights and scenes of the Paris we love. It was a wonderful idea to bring it together so soon after Paris was freed. As Gérard Bauer said in the closing sentence of his eloquent introduction to the catalogue: "Paris delivered from her enemies turns upon herself and sees as the brilliant proof of her glory the succession of masterpieces which her very existence has given to the world."

Paris Papers

All the morning and evening papers published in Paris were delivered to my hotel room every day. The *portier* told me that it was difficult to collect them as some were sold out very promptly. I was thoroughly familiar with the French press of pre-war days, *Le Matin*, *Figaro*, *Le Temps* and *Paris-Soir*, and I wanted to see what they looked like under the new dis-

pensation. *Le Matin*, *Paris-Soir* and *Le Temps* had disappeared, because they were collaborationist during the occupation, but *Figaro* is still on hand. There are no inside pages. Everything must be covered in eight narrow columns on a single page printed front and back. There is no room for advertising except the so-called "petites annonces." In Paris, as in other European cities, the Communist organ is one of the best-edited papers. *L'Humanité* was always well written even in pre-war days. It has lost none of its bite. *Figaro* now, as always, has a more literary flavor than the other newspapers. It carries leading articles by such well-known French authors as François Mauriac and Georges Duhamel, and its brief comments on plays, concerts, and art exhibits have real literary style. Politically, it leans a little more to the Right than most of its contemporaries but it does not lean very far.

I had a pleasant visit with Pierre Brisson, editor of *Figaro*. He was a leader in the Resistance Movement and the moral and physical suffering he endured can still be seen in his lined face and gaunt body.

Financially the French papers are doing fairly well. Their circulation is limited to two hundred thousand copies because of the paper shortage; this gives each of them an equal start. There is a much greater demand for some than for others but the total demand is about equal to the total number of newspapers that are printed. Some of those now being published will certainly fall by the wayside when competitive conditions are restored. They were created by small underground groups and did their part to stimulate French morale during the years of occupation. But their chief reason for existing has now disappeared. For the first time in the history of French journalism, income is derived almost exclusively from the people who buy the paper for two francs a copy. I am told that production costs

amount to eighty centimes a copy, which leaves a good margin for both publisher and newsdealer.

As might be expected from a press which, in large part, belonged to the Underground Movement, the tone is one of excitement and loud-voiced demand. There are no direct attacks on the government as such since, for the moment, it is supported by all the political parties, but there are vigorous attacks on the black market which, in Paris as everywhere else, has become an established institution. There is an insistent demand for more vigorous action against collaborators. The papers of the Left assume, naturally enough, that anyone who made money during the German occupation must be a collaborator and should be treated as such.

Reading the French papers makes one realize how much it is the habit of each country to concentrate almost exclusively on what its own soldiers are doing in the war. The French Army on the Western Front is not large. It receives very little mention in the American press. But in the French press its achievements are prominent.

On the whole, the limited space makes for condensed, vivid writing. While I was in Paris the newspapers were featuring stories of a visit to an American prison camp for German prisoners. Some French newspapers had published reports that we were coddling the Germans, and the American authorities permitted a group of French journalists to visit the camp. The enterprise was not a success from our point of view. The German prisoners were living better than some French families and the French journalists emphasized this fact. They were told that under the Geneva Convention we had to treat our prisoners according to certain standards. They were to receive the same food as our soldiers and at least some of the same facilities. But since our army has the highest living standards in the world, most of the French writers pointed out that we did much more

for captured Germans than the Germans did for captured Frenchmen.

Talks with French Journalists

When the press attaché of the American Embassy found that I spoke French, he gave the Paris newspapers an opportunity to interview me. French reporters are well educated and intelligent. They were happy to report my affectionate comments on the France of other years and my happy surprise at finding things much better than I had believed possible. One must be careful, however, not to give offense by minimizing France's suffering. Four years of occupation have not diminished French pride and they have made the people much more sensitive about any adverse comment. And since they know that they will be dependent on the United States for many kinds of help, they want us to appreciate how much that help is needed.

There is a lingering suspicion that isolationism is still strong in the United States. The French have practically no knowledge of what we have done and are doing in the Pacific. It was my constant effort in these interviews to give them some idea of the size and importance of our war effort against Japan. During the four years of occupation they had heard nothing about it. They have no idea of what it means to fight a war at the end of a seven-thousand-mile supply line, so they are a bit incredulous concerning our inability to supply French civilian needs while meeting the demands of a world-wide war.

Europeans generally regard the United States as a country of inexhaustible riches. They all feel that with a little extra effort we should be able to supply their wants. The surprising thing to me is that we are able to do it to so large an extent. We have just agreed to equip a French army of more than half a million men in addition to doing everything else that we have promised. The French have a very vivid recollection of our

failure to underwrite Woodrow Wilson's promise of a Three Power Alliance against Germany at the close of the last war. They will tell you that they permitted the Germans to retain the west bank of the Rhine only because the United States and Britain had promised, during the Versailles Conference, to guarantee the French frontiers. We not only failed to do that but we refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles and to join the League of Nations. The French will be convinced of our all-out cooperation after this war only when we have signed on the dotted line.

Many Frenchmen firmly believe that there is a strong party in the United States which wants a soft peace. One of their most frequent questions was whether we had a definite plan for the disarmament and postwar organization of Germany. My reply was that public opinion was debating the issue just as in France and that our government had not yet formulated any American policy.

I attended a debate on foreign affairs by the Provisional Consultative Assembly. Here, too, there was a definite difference of opinion. The first speaker demanded the Rhine as the natural frontier of France and suggested the transfer of the population of this area into Germany. All participants in the debate were agreed that after three German invasions in sixty years France was entitled to full security. But a representative of the Socialist Party warned against trying to divide Germany. He seemed to feel that this would create more problems than it would solve.

English-language Newspapers

There are now three English-language newspapers published in Paris. The *Paris Herald* was on the point of resuming publication when I left. The *Stars and Stripes* and the Paris edition

of the *London Daily Mail* were already available. *Stars and Stripes* is the well-edited, closely-compressed daily which brings the war news and a little home news to the American Army. Its chief weakness is the complete absence of news of a political nature. In an effort to print nothing with any political bias, it excludes a great many reports on political affairs that deserve a place in its columns. By way of compensation the editor does permit soldiers to debate political problems in a letter column. This particular column is often the liveliest part of the paper. There is plenty of sport news and some local news. On the whole, *Stars and Stripes* presents little evidence of America's intellectual maturity but the editor will tell you that he is interested in GI's and not in I.Q.'s

The *Daily Mail* does a much better job than *Stars and Stripes* in giving a balanced picture of the war news. When reading it, you realize that more than one army is winning the victories. Its prime purpose, naturally enough, is to appeal to British taste. I am glad that the *Paris Herald* has reappeared, for it will provide at least some of the up-to-date political information which Americans in France ought to have.

The French Parliament

By good luck I was able to be in Paris during one of the sessions of the French Provisional Consultative Assembly. When I saw the guards in double rank with sabers upraised for General de Gaulle's entrance into the Chamber, I realized the good fortune of reborn France in having at the head of her government a man who was at once a symbol and a leader. General de Gaulle has many of the qualities that belong to true leadership. He is convinced of his own rightness, tremendously strong-willed, absolutely honest, without political ambitions, and with such confidence in his own star that he has no sense of

danger. He is also stubborn, somewhat bigoted, jealous of his power, and rather petty in his attitude toward those who have not always been his blind supporters. With all his faults, he is the type of man France needs in her hour of trial. How long he will last I do not know. I should think he would be almost certain to antagonize the parties of the Left at some time or other, but for the first six months after his return to France he did show shrewd political insight and broad-gauged statesmanship in his handling of France's foreign and domestic affairs. His greatest single mistake was his blunt refusal to meet President Roosevelt in Algiers following the Crimea Conference. While this refusal was supported by the Cabinet and by the Paris press there was also some sharp criticism. The incident did not improve Franco-American relations.

The French have always enjoyed surrounding their leaders with a certain amount of pomp and circumstance and General de Gaulle, with his tall figure and military bearing, lends himself well to a show and a parade. The tribunes of the Luxembourg Palace, where the Assembly meets in the old Senate Chamber, were already filled as he came in for the session. The whole picture was that of a meeting of the old Chamber of Deputies. Even the attendants wore the traditional starched shirts and chains of office. I noted that the average age of the present deputies, however, was a good deal lower than that of the old Chamber. These were young men of the Resistance Movement. There were also a number of women members, which was something new. Some sixty members of the Consultative Assembly had sat in the Parliament of the Third Republic. The procedure was well ordered and altogether democratic.

The debate on foreign affairs, which occupied the afternoon, was in the best French tradition. The speeches by representatives of the different parties were all good-tempered. There were

few interruptions. It was in every sense a harmonious gathering which spoke well for French unity in the face of a grave situation. Foreign Minister Bidault outlined French foreign policy in simple terms: "Kill Fascism! Kill Hitlerism! Close friendship with Britain and the United States; alliance with Russia. History shows that when France fights with Russia she wins and when she fights against Russia she loses. As for Germany: Unconditional surrender, followed by occupation, plus military, economic, and political disarmament. Punish ten thousand German leaders rather than millions of followers. France must remain a great African power. France does not want a General Franco."

The French Foreign Policy

Foreign Minister Bidault was to receive me for a private talk but he was obliged to go to Moscow with General de Gaulle. So Under-Foreign Minister Chauvel elaborated for me the outline which the Foreign Minister himself had presented to the Assembly members. He began by emphasizing how much Prime Minister Winston Churchill's first visit to Paris had meant to the French. It reestablished the Franco-British Entente and the two governments found themselves in full agreement on fundamental policies. The recreation of the Franco-Russian Alliance was nothing more than the continuation of a point of French foreign policy that had been traditional since the nineties of the last century. I mentioned to Monsieur Chauvel that I had been in Paris in 1900 when the dedication of the Pont Alexandre Trois across the Seine symbolized the creation of the Franco-Russian Alliance.

Monsieur Chauvel was tactful in explaining away President Roosevelt's failure to pay an early visit to liberated Paris. Naturally, the 1944 political campaign had absorbed his time and

strength and he needed a rest after it was over but, Monsieur Chauvel added, the President will be welcome whenever he comes. There was much disappointment in Paris that the President found it impossible to visit the French capital on his return trip from the Crimea in February, 1945.

Monsieur Chauvel was frank in admitting that relations with Spain were not of the best, although he denied that there had been any important armed clashes on the frontier. He pointed out that France still remembers the fact that Franco Spain was unfriendly to the cause of free France. That is one reason why the Spanish republicans who fought against the Nazis side by side with the members of the French Underground will never be sent back to a Franco Spain. They are going to be permitted to live and work in France with all the rights of French citizenship.

As for Italy the French are much less inclined to be forgiving than the Americans. After all it is the French who were "stabbed in the back." They treat Italian prisoners much more harshly than we treat the Germans.

France is determined not to forget the anti-French attitude of the Italians domiciled in Tunisia. Under a long-standing agreement between France and Italy these Italians received special privileges and enjoyed a special status in Tunisia, but when the opportunity came they were all for Mussolini and against the French. Now the French government has demanded that the Italian government of its own free will annul the pre-war arrangement concerning Italian citizens living in Tunisia. Premier Bonomi's government has told the French that it cannot do this without jeopardizing its position. It had renounced all irridentist claims to Nice, Savoy, Corsica, and Tunisia, but it did not feel that it could go any further. So the French government has refused to exchange ambassadors. Monsieur Chau-

vel assured me that the Italian government will not be recognized until it makes the concession for which the French have asked.

Here is the way in which Monsieur Chauvel outlined post-war relations between France and Germany. He said: "France, in principle, is opposed to the annexation of foreign territory. That means we want no German territory. But we feel that, in your interest as well as ours, Germany should not be permitted to do any one of three things: First, to use the Rhineland as a base of military operations against France; second, to march troops through the Rhineland for the purpose of an attack on France; third, to use the Rhineland for the creation of a war industry."

He realizes that this is tantamount to demanding some sort of neutralization or internationalization of all Rhineland territory. He says that France has no fixed idea of just how this should be done, but he pointed out that by the term "Rhineland" France did not mean only that territory which lies west of the Rhine. The French, unless they change their minds, will also insist on neutralizing the Ruhr. They want some special action taken with respect to the entire land area, both east and west of the Rhine which, since the beginning of the industrial era, has had a certain economic unity particularly with regard to heavy industry.

France Solves Her Transport Problems

For the moment France is much more concerned with the restoration of her own industry than with what should be done with German industry after the war. I received a graphic picture of the problems France faces in the winter of 1944-45 from René Mayer, French Minister of Transport and Public Works. Like most of his colleagues, he is a vigorous individual and

talks much more like a businessman than a politician. When I asked him what was France's most serious shortage, he answered in one word: "Tires."

The armies have absorbed or destroyed most of France's rail transport; therefore she is dependent on road transport and that means tires. Canal and river transport are often interrupted by freezes and floods and there are many blown-up bridges that interfere with traffic. The Germans left a quantity of motor vehicles in France, and the French also have a good deal of motor transport, but for four years they have not been getting any tires and everything is wearing out. One American observer pointed out that he saw tires on a number of French horse-drawn peasant carts. What he forgets is that these are worn tires which the peasant removed from blown-up or damaged German transport vehicles left lying by the side of the road. The American observer incorrectly concluded that this meant France had an abundance of tires. Monsieur Mayer told me that thousands of additional trucks and motor cars could be made available for the most urgent needs if it were possible to get tires for them. France had five hundred thousand trucks at the beginning of the war in 1939. Of these, three hundred and fifty thousand were wrecked, but many of them could be put back on the road if tires were available. France will now be permitted to keep some of those she has agreed to manufacture with American raw material and French labor.

Early in 1945 the American authorities turned back to the French some seventeen hundred locomotives and thirty thousand rail cars which the Germans had seized in France and which our armies recovered in the course of their advance. This has eased rail transportation. During my stay in Paris there was a great fuel shortage and this has not been eased. Coal production has been definitely increased but it is difficult to secure

regular deliveries from the mines to the cities. The production of electricity in the Paris region doubled from October to November but, since everyone was using electricity instead of coal for heat and power, even the larger quantity was inadequate.

The Germans were highly efficient in destroying just those things which would delay French recovery. In every port they destroyed almost every crane. Without cranes a port cannot function. One reason why Antwerp was of such immense value to our forces from the day the port was opened was that every crane had been left in good working order, and all other port installations were in perfect condition. The Germans were still holding some of the best French ports well into 1945. When I asked some high Allied officers why we did not throw the Germans out, their answer was that we could not spare enough soldiers to do the job. They added that it was cheaper to starve the Germans out than to apply the necessary military effort to drive them out. Meanwhile, by well-planned sorties into near-by areas, the Germans supplemented their dwindling food supplies.

One point about which I found the French Transport Minister much concerned was raw materials for French industrial plants. The synthetic textile industry is crippled for lack of sulphur. That means one hundred thousand unemployed Frenchmen. The exhaustion of wool supplies was leaving another forty thousand without work. Each day he was getting reports of additional industries which had had to shut down for lack of raw material. Delivery of liquid fuel by the Allies had permitted some industries to resume production, and when larger quantities of coal reached Paris an additional forty thousand persons found employment in minor industries in the Paris region.

Of enormous help to France is the fact that she is practically

self-sufficient in the matter of food. Everyone was surprised at the amount of food our armies found in Normandy when they first landed. Even in Paris there was little actual starvation during the German occupation although many essential food items were desperately short. Paris residents tell you how they or their friends kept making trips into the country to pick up food with which to supplement the scanty official ration. At the present time it is largely a question of sufficient transport to carry the food from the places where it is produced to the big population centers.

Dinner at Prunier's

Our military authorities make it a rule all over Europe not to permit military personnel to eat local food. Uniformed men are told to keep out of local restaurants. I am confident that, in the long run, more Allied army food is consumed by Europeans than European-grown food is consumed by Allied military forces. The best evidence that food is fairly plentiful in Paris can be had by consulting the menu cards in French restaurants. The prices are far higher than those charged in the French provinces but even so they are not much higher than those in New York City. I have before me the December 6, 1944 menu of the famous Prunier restaurant in Paris. It had been opened for only a few weeks but was already overwhelmed with patronage. Like other restaurants of this type, it is called an *Etablissement Catégorie Exceptionnelle*. All French restaurants are graded. *Catégorie exceptionnelle* means that a restaurant belongs to the luxury class and can charge what it pleases. French customers are supposed to be provided with ration coupons but men in uniform are not. On this particular day in December, 1944, Prunier's offered three table d'hôte menus ranging in price from \$2.14 to \$2.44. I took menu No. 3 and was

surprised to find that it was something very much like army corned beef which had undergone a favorable transformation, thanks to the ingenuity of a French chef. *Végétable hors d'œuvres* and several fresh vegetables were part of the menu in addition to the corned beef. There was even a modest pudding for dessert. Of course, no one dining at Prunier's fails to order oysters, and that is where the proprietor's biggest profit comes in. Oysters ranged from \$1.64 to \$3.50 a dozen depending on the size. If you ordered cheese or anything else not on the regular menu you had to pay generously for it. Everything considered, the wines were not expensive. A plain *Graves* was \$2.00 a bottle. The most expensive Bordeaux white wine on Prunier's wine list was a 1921 *Château La Tour Blanche* at \$7.00 a bottle. Mumm's *Cordon Rouge Champagne* sold for \$6.00.

Prunier's was open only three days a week. They told me that they needed the other four days to collect enough food to feed the customers. I tried several other first-class Paris restaurants and their prices were roughly the same as Prunier's. Obviously, you must know what you are ordering. The American reports on outrageous prices in French restaurants come from people who ask for items outside the regular menus without first inquiring about the price. By ordering the wrong things I could have spent \$22.00 at Prunier's for the same quantity of food that cost me less than \$3.00. This explains why different people are able to tell different stories about prices in the same establishment without departing from the truth.

The same thing is true with regard to other purchases. Most Americans do not speak French and, without necessarily wanting to cheat them, French shopkeepers are hardly interested in teaching them how to save money. They feel that since Americans are rich and French people are poor it is always legitimate to charge what the traffic will bear.

I can well imagine the feelings of an American soldier who gets into one of the old-fashioned Paris one-horse cabs that wait for the unwary on the *grands boulevards* and then has to pay \$3.00 for a twenty-minute ride. It is still worse if he gets into one of those tricycle affairs just big enough for two people and is asked to pay four dollars for a half-hour journey. During the occupation the use of one of these improvised taxicabs was often the only way to escape arrest by the German police when you were out after curfew hour. Owners and operators took advantage of this to establish a high tariff which they have tried to maintain ever since.

5

WESTERN FRONT

To the Front Via Rheims

I MADE my first trip to the Western Front by motor car from Paris. The public relations officers in the French capital are very prompt and efficient in providing facilities for visiting correspondents. You feel less embarrassed about using an army motor car (the only thing available), when you hear that an officer going back from Paris leave will be with you. Well-informed company also makes the journey much more interesting. We stopped at Rheims for a look at the Cathedral and a sip of champagne and were invited to stay for lunch at an American military mess. I was glad to see that French civilians were employed here, as everywhere else. It gives the French needed work and releases our soldiers for military duty. The most interesting thing I learned in Rheims concerned the town's principal industry—champagne. It seems that although the German army consumed a great deal, the Allied armies proved to be even more thirsty. They were draining off the accumulated stocks at such an enormous rate that the Association of Champagne Producers held a meeting and appealed to the Allied High Command for help. They cried out that their best brands were disappearing so rapidly that soon there would be none left with which to celebrate the peace. Reaction was immediate. It was officially decreed that no military mess, British or American or French, should have any right to purchase

cases of champagne except on a quota basis. The quotas were decreed by high authority in Paris and all requisitions for champagne had to receive official Paris approval before they could be filled.

Throughout most of 1944 the price was \$1.80 a bottle but this was increased subsequently to \$2.20 a bottle. When I reached the Third Army front later on I found that some of the quartermasters had not heard about the new quota system. They were happy to learn where and how they could obtain their proper allotment. Let me add that there is no excessive consumption of champagne or of any other alcoholic drink in our army. But it is only natural that when Americans can get first-class champagne for the price of an ordinary table wine they enjoy drinking it. World War II will supplement World War I in teaching Americans to prefer good wine to bad whiskey.

The Front in Luxemburg

I reached the fighting front by way of Luxemburg a few weeks before this area was overrun by Germany's mid-December, 1944, offensive. Most Luxemburg enterprises were not much disturbed by the war. The Germans had kept them going and were driven out before they could destroy them. Now they are being operated for the benefit of the Allies. Ever since the beginning of the war, Luxemburg has been full of spies with both sides on the lookout for them. It is only natural that in a country which constitutes part of the frontier between Germany and France there should be families whose ties are altogether with one side or the other. The great bulk of the Luxemburgers have always been pro-Ally but enough of them are pro-German to give us considerable trouble. Luxemburgers have rendered inestimable services to us for the purpose of counter-espionage. A few of them have done as much for Germany. In

any case, I was told that an attitude of caution toward all natives was advisable.

My First Buzz-bombs

It was while spending a night near the city of Luxemburg that I heard my first buzz-bombs. It is an interesting sound which first suggests an approaching plane but soon becomes something different and distinctive. After hearing it even once you cannot mistake it. There is a sort of fearful fascination in waiting to hear whether the sound will stop while the bomb is directly overhead. If it does, that means it will drop near-by, and you are supposed to climb into a shelter with all speed. But that night they passed over without stopping and it did not take long to learn to accept them as part of life's routine. I always admire the complete indifference to danger which our soldiers at the frontlines show, for it is an indifference which I have never learned to feel. Custom in this, as in all other aspects of life, makes it an ordinary matter. This is fortunate, for the fear that grips a man in the face of danger is a terrible thing. It kills all decent instincts, numbs all worthwhile faculties. I have felt it often enough to know it as a painful and ugly experience.

What Makes for Morale?

No matter where you go in the frontlines you find our soldiers well clothed, well fed, well disciplined, and well led. There are occasional defects in equipment. Not everything was anticipated in time. We ran short of large-sized arctics and other footgear to meet winter weather conditions on the Western Front. Foot ailments resulted. But this was an exception. When I think how short a time it took us to create this army I marvel at its achievements. Not only is it handling the most

complicated kind of mechanical equipment but the great bulk of the men have shifted with amazing ease from the most diverse civilian employments to military life. What astounds me is that most of the men are so completely reconciled to the situation they find themselves in. They take it as a matter of course that they should be fighting in a foreign land on behalf of something which it is not always easy to define. So far as I could learn they do not argue about it or talk about it very much. They just accept it as an unpleasant job to be done and one which they want to get over with as quickly as possible.

Our boys in Italy feel more cut off from home than those who landed in France. They have been away longer and have had a much greater period of frontline activity. In many ways the front on which they are fighting is more difficult. Most of them have never had the exhilaration that comes from a ten-mile-a-day advance against the enemy. That explains why there is so much less grouching about home leave on the French front. In the fall of 1944 we instituted a system of forty-eight-hour Paris leaves for our fighting men and this has done much to keep them satisfied. It is something to look forward to and to look back on and provides a welcome break in the routine of a soldier's life.

There is no doubt that we must now institute a regular system of home leave for all men who have been out of the United States three years or more. In that respect, the Navy has a much better system than the Army. It tries to bring men home for a short leave at the end of each eighteen-months' period of service. Obviously, it is much easier to do this in the Navy where so large a proportion of the personnel is serving on ships which move about between home stations and foreign stations. But it is only fair that it should also be done for the Army. If the morale of the men at the front is to be maintained at a high

level they must have the definite knowledge that at the end of a prescribed period of foreign service they will have the right to return home for at least a month.

General Vandenberg's Headquarters

My first night at the front was spent at the headquarters of General Vandenberg, Commander of the Ninth Air Force, which looks after tactical air operations for the Twelfth Army group. In the handsome, comfortably equipped villa of a Jewish merchant who had fled before the advancing Germans, I spent an interesting evening listening to shop talk by some of our air officers. There is so much that is new in aviation that experts in this field always have a large number of subjects for debate. They disagree violently on the merits of the different planes, the advantages of diverse tactics, the qualities of various devices, and the skill of different individuals. But they differ from one another earnestly and intelligently so that it is a real pleasure for a layman to follow their discussions. I am convinced that it will be years after this war before there is any general agreement on just what part of the credit for victory must go to aviation. The ground forces and the air forces will probably never concur on just how they ought to share the blame for certain failures and the credit for certain successes.

At General Vandenberg's villa a number of interesting German books were found, left behind by German army officers who had occupied it before we arrived. One volume was a rare edition of Hitler photographs which showed him in a great variety of poses, in groups and alone. They were all taken by Hoffman, his favorite photographer, and the book was made up of original prints. It is interesting to compare these pictures with those taken of Hitler since the beginning of the war. Having known the man and studied him closely on several

occasions, it seems to me that the war-time pictures show his progressive mental and physical deterioration. Adversity can ennoble a man or it can cheapen him. Hitler was not ennobled either by success or by failure.

I did not see Hitler when I was in Germany in 1939. Just two days before the war began I set foot on German soil. I had flown from London to Berlin to see and report the impending war. When I landed at the Tempelhof Airfield near Berlin I was held up by the Gestapo while they made an inquiry about me at the Propaganda Ministry. It must have been a very thorough inquiry since it lasted for two hours. This interval I spent with my wife, who had preceded me to Berlin to arrange interviews. She and my colleague, William L. Shirer, entertained me with accounts of recent events and developments in Germany. The Germans, it seems, were completely convinced that France and Britain would not enter the war for the defense of Poland even though they had promised to do so. Not having gone to war to save Czechoslovakia, the French and British could certainly not be expected to go to war in a vain effort to save Poland.

Word finally came back from propaganda headquarters that I was *persona non grata* so far as the German government was concerned. I was informed by a member of the Security Police that my presence in Germany was not desired. The only reason vouchsafed was that in a public address in the United States I had been guilty of uncomplimentary references to Adolf Hitler himself. Under the Kaiser the Germans used to call this *lèse majesté*. The crime was still sufficiently heinous to bar the perpetrator from German soil.

The police even removed someone from the next plane bound for London in order that they might get rid of me at the earliest possible moment.

Now, as I returned to Germany in December, 1944, I did not require Hitler's permission. I went back with the Tenth Armored Division of General Patton's Third Army and Hitler could not stop me. I got the feel of his artillery fire but I also obtained an excellent idea of the fighting qualities of the men who are defeating Hitler's armies.

An Active Front

This was my first visit to the Western Front. I had been in Africa, in the Solomon Islands, and on the Italian front, but in Germany, near the town of Merzig, I became part of a fluid line where our men were moving forward every day through enemy towns and villages.

There is a fascination and excitement about a shifting war front which more static warfare does not have. The roads to and from the frontlines are jammed with every type of traffic. You meet prisoners, wounded men, and disoriented civilians. Your way may be blocked by monster machines of a type you have never seen. You learn about the important purpose which they serve and are warned not to describe them, for they are still on the secret list. These rolling juggernauts have just exploded the dangerous mines that had been planted along the road you are about to travel. They occupy the entire width of the road and run your command car into a ditch but you feel grateful to them for having made the roadway safe. Road mines and personnel mines are one of the retreating German army's chief war weapons. How they managed to plant so many in the course of a hurried retreat is still a mystery. The so-called "boot mine," which tears off a man's foot when he steps on it, has caused thousands of casualties. It is one of those nasty weapons for which it is difficult to find an answer. If there were plenty of time to search out mines and remove them, all would

be well, but an army must move forward quickly and take chances. Mines litter the roadways and roadsides on every part of every European front that I have visited. Everywhere along the roads are signs which tell you to what extent the mines have been cleared away. Sometimes they have been taken only out of the road itself, and you are warned to keep out of the ditches on both sides. Sometimes they are cleared for a definite number of yards beyond the ditches. If your car leaves the road, you must keep it within the indicated distance. For months and perhaps for years these scattered mines will kill and maim the unwary.

The thickly populated border areas of France and Germany present our armies with an enormous civilian problem. All day, during this first visit to the front in Germany, German, French, and Alsatian civilians trudged past. Most of them carried heavy burdens. There were pushcarts loaded high with such scanty household goods as the refugees were able to carry with them. Some had been ordered out of border towns when these came under shell fire, others were returning to towns no longer in the line of fire. When armies move, civilians must also move. An unending stream of civilians on the roads is bound to slow military traffic.

Talks with Civilians

Every German with whom I talked during my first day at the front pretended he was glad the Americans had come. Perhaps he was, since our arrival ended a dread period of uncertainty between the time when the Germans left and we arrived. But the commanding officers at the front can afford to take no chances with seemingly friendly civilians. They know that in these border areas there are all kinds of German collaborators. Even among the internees, prisoners held by the Germans, who

have been released by our advance, there may be spies purposely left behind to report on our movements.

I stopped to talk with a group of Polish civilians who were being escorted back from the frontlines where our troops had picked them up. They were young men of military age, which is one reason why they were closely watched. I spoke to them in German, which they understood fairly well. Each one said he wanted to enlist in the American army to fight the Germans. Some of them probably meant it.

The Nazis had picked them up in Poland and sent them to parts of Germany near the French frontier to work as farm laborers. Our army was sending them into a rear area to be processed by our intelligence officers. Every civilian has to be carefully scrutinized before he is permitted to remain anywhere near the fighting areas. We know from sad experience how many spies the Germans have succeeded in maintaining in our frontline areas.

The career of a young Yugoslav, who served as a voluntary member of an American patrol unit, would make a romantic story. It seems that this handsome young chap, whom our boys wanted me to meet, volunteers for every dangerous patrol mission. Because he is so experienced and does not know what fear means, they like to take him along. He had been a farm worker conscripted by the Germans, but had escaped and found shelter in the house of a French family near the Franco-German frontier. The daughter of the family hid him, became interested in him during the month in which his life was in her hands, and later married him. Now he insists on fighting with the Americans as a civilian volunteer. Under Army regulations he cannot enlist. As a *franc tireur* he would be executed if he fell into German hands. He and our boys find it difficult to speak together since neither understands the other's language. But the

tie of comradeship in the face of common danger transcends all barriers. Our men believe in this young Yugoslav as a kind of mascot and their officers are wise enough not to object to what is a highly irregular arrangement. In the frontlines it is results that count.

Teamwork Between Air and Ground Forces

In my transition from the sponsorship of the Ninth Air Force to that of the Tenth Armored Division, I had an opportunity to observe the good and close relationship between our air forces and our ground forces. There is good teamwork and mutual confidence. The Ninth Air Force is badly handicapped by the fact that for most of the winter there is good flying weather for only one day in five. It is essential, therefore, to make that one day count. Everything must always be ready to permit the planes to go up just as soon as the weather warrants. Out on the frontlines the boys of the Tenth Armored Division told me how happy they feel when they see the P-47's overhead preparing the way for the next advance. "They come close to hitting us sometimes," they said, "but we sure like to see them."

This brings up the question: to what extent is an air force entitled to take the chance of dropping bombs on its own infantry? The aviators tell me that under certain combat conditions, it is impossible to do a good job of preparing an advance by air bombardment without coming so close to our own line that an occasional bomb may hit our men. The airmen will tell you that a complete saturation of the enemy's frontline is impossible without a few scattered bombs falling somewhere in our frontline. For it must be remembered that the two frontlines are only a few yards apart, and that complete saturation from the air, if continued to the moment of our own advance, will certainly reduce the cost in lives of charging into and

through the enemy positions. Under an autocracy the air force would be ordered to do its work efficiently and to disregard the fact that it had to kill a few of its own men, but I am afraid that this is one of several ways in which a democracy is bound to be less efficient in fighting a war. I believe that we would rather have our bombing preparation less thorough and take no chance of killing our own men. I do not know, but that would be my guess. When I asked aviation officers what they thought, they declared that such a decision would have to be made by the High Command.

The Spirit of the Infantry

One point I heard discussed among our officers deserves some attention. There is a belief that some of our infantry units have been a little spoiled by having always had complete air preparation and complete artillery preparation before being ordered to make an advance. This, of course, completely does away with the element of surprise. Under certain conditions it may be less costly to take the enemy unawares. But it also requires greater offensive spirit on the part of an infantry unit to attack the enemy without any help from artillery or aviation. We have used both methods in launching our drives on the Western Front and it is probably essential to train every infantry unit to do the job either way. Infantry that has had no experience in going it alone feels let down when ordered forward without air or artillery preparation.

Traffic Identification

The maze of roads which crisscross the frontlines has made it difficult for our aviators to distinguish enemy columns of moving trucks from our own. Traffic conditions near the front-line are always fluid and changeable. We soon learned to de-

velop special identification marks for our own road traffic to keep it from being shot at by our own planes. But the Germans soon learned to use the same identification for their trucks. Now we change ours occasionally and then our discarded identification makes the German vehicles a particularly good target. At the frontlines you soon learn that this whole war is an unbroken series of tricks and counter-tricks in a game which is being played for the highest stakes. One thing which astounded me, as I came to learn more about the work of intelligence officers, is how much each side knows about the other side's top secrets. We certainly know an amazing amount about the Germans and it is to be assumed that they know just as much about us. We are far better informed about everything going on in Germany than about what is going on in Tunisia.

The Tenth Armored Division

In a dilapidated German village at the front I found a brigadier general preparing an attack by one of the combat teams of the Tenth Armored Division. It was his task to take some high ground overlooking the Saar River. The front of the attack covered less than two miles. He had only a few hours to line up his infantry, his armor, and his artillery, and to get everything ready. The lives of thousands of his men were involved on that little two-mile front. He took a few minutes to outline to me his plan of action. He had done his best to safeguard his men in the course of its development, but he knew that some, perhaps a few score, would lose their lives. Yet, it was his duty to order them into action. But it was also his duty to see that they fought under the best possible conditions which his resources or his ingenuity could provide. I could see that he felt his responsibility for the lives that were in his hands.

After spending some hours with this commander and his men, shortly before they went into action, it was only natural that I looked over the next day's communiqué with special interest. I wanted to know just how this particular attack had come out and whether or not there had been losses. Finally I found the seven words mentioning the action: "We occupied high ground west of Merzig." That was all. But I could not help wondering how many of those fine boys with whom I joked as we floundered together through the frontline mud had paid with their lives in order that the communiqué might say: "We occupied high ground west of Merzig." I always come home from a trip to the front in a chastened mood. I know so much better what our men are suffering. I have learned how hard the way is along every mile of advance on every front. I know, too, that even though our daily communiqués say nothing about the cost in blood, we pay in precious American lives for every mile we gain. Our people at home should be reminded more often, when they are told of minor gains, what those minor gains have cost.

The Tenth Armored Division of the Third Army saw action in France exactly two months after it left an Atlantic port. Yet, only a few weeks later, it was a veteran battle division with nearly a thousand Purple Hearts earned in that short period of fighting. During those weeks it won every important objective assigned to it despite the fact that it was fighting against some of the best German divisions on the Western Front. It was the First Division of the Third Army to enter Germany. I mention it particularly because it was my host. I know that there are any number of divisions in our army with the same fighting spirit and the same record of outstanding success.

A Successful Action

Just before I arrived at the front the German village of Bethingen had been captured. This was a small action. Its purpose was to give an infantry company its first taste of offensive warfare under conditions that would make a tactical success almost certain. When a unit has never experienced active warfare, it is highly important that it should taste success the first time it goes into battle. So, whenever possible, the wise commander plans that first action so carefully and so completely that it is almost sure to succeed. The officer who prepared the capture of Bethingen took the trouble to explain it to me in full detail. He worked it out as a highly coordinated operation. There was minute planning of the use of artillery and mortars and smoke to blind the enemy. From the beginning we had superior observation. All our men had been well trained for their specific tasks. They had excellent leaders. The entire action went off exactly on schedule as if it had been a carefully prepared maneuver. We captured the town, we eliminated an enemy's observation post, we took thirty-eight prisoners. We inflicted considerable losses in killed and wounded on the enemy and the entire operation cost us only one man killed and two wounded. But from the commanding officer's point of view the most important result was the heightened fighting morale of an infantry unit which had earned its spurs.

Whenever circumstances permit, we train our men in the frontlines this way, and the more of them we have in reserve the better we shall be able to do this. There are many conditions in frontline fighting under which a commander can save lives if he has enough men in reserve. He can take more time. He can use machines instead of men for some of the preparatory work. He need have less anxiety concerning what may happen

on the morrow. You learn at the front that having more than enough men will often enable a commander to save men.

U. S. Military Government in Aachen

My second trip across the German frontier carried me through Belgium and Holland into Aachen. This was the largest German city we had captured during the first few months of our campaign on the Western Front. More than half the population had fled eastward into Germany before we began shelling it, but it was still occupied at that time by close to sixty thousand people. Many of these fled to neighboring rural areas and most of the others were evacuated into Belgium when we first entered the city. At the time of my visit, in early December, about thirteen thousand had been permitted to return. Major Hugh M. Jones, the Military Governor of Aachen, had just agreed with the officers in charge of refugees that no more were to return to Aachen until better housing, food, and water facilities could be provided. Our concentrated artillery bombardment had destroyed most of the town but not all of it. There were a number of good-sized business buildings available for the municipal administration. One whole street of houses had escaped shelling. Many of the returned citizens of Aachen had found it possible to establish themselves in the cellars and on the first floors of the homes they had formerly occupied. By using all kinds of available material and making emergency repairs they could usually render the cellar and one or two rooms habitable.

Our administration of Aachen has developed into a kind of experiment. We are trying to see whether it is possible for the Germans to look after themselves under our supervision. We help them just as little as possible, encourage them to forage for their own food and to supply their own needs.

The food situation is, of course, the most serious. The food stores which the Germans have opened under our direction sell bread, meat, and potatoes, gathered in the near-by country districts. Bakeries have opened and our own army supply officers have stocks of salt, sugar, and various other things which they ration out.

Interview with a German Mayor

The German Mayor of Aachen, with whom I had a conference, is an elderly attorney, who used to belong to the late Foreign Minister Stresemann's middle-of-the-road party. I judged him to be a well-intentioned, middle-class, hard-working German. He had tolerated the Nazis but had not loved them. He insisted that the people of Aachen and the whole Catholic Rhineland were never very keen about the Nazis. This may well be true. We encountered practically no sabotage in the Aachen area. The Germans who returned to Aachen accepted our rule with the same complete obedience they had previously shown to Nazi rule. The two things that worried the German Mayor most were his food supplies and the labor service. He told me that he was too closely restricted in the areas where he was permitted to purchase food. He was confined to the First Army area and wanted the right to secure food from certain country districts in the Third Army area which formerly supplied the city of Aachen. Major Jones told me that the military authorities were working with the Mayor to solve this particular problem.

We were running the labor service under the same name—*Arbeitsdienst*—which had been given to it by the Nazis. As the Nazi compulsory labor service had been unpopular, this unpopularity continued after we took it over. The Germans did not like it any better when it became the Allied compulsory

labor service. The German Mayor thought that a good deal could be done if the name were changed and a somewhat different administrative system installed. Major Jones, who is a tactful individual and who is as eager to do a good job as the American major in *A Bell for Adano*, was inclined to agree that something could be done.

"We are here," he said, "not to help the Germans but to help the American Army. Whatever we do to keep things straightened out we do because we have to have order and sanitary conditions behind our frontlines. The more I can get the Germans to do for themselves, the fewer Americans we shall need to use to administer the occupied areas."

That is why the Major uses a competent German woman secretary and why he urges all his officers to utilize German help in every way they can. Thousands of German civilians in the Aachen area are now working for us. Those who do manual labor, such as clearing streets and making road repairs, are paid at the rate of sixty-five pfennigs an hour. Since the value of the mark had been fixed at ten cents, that is only six and one-half cents, but the amount has no meaning unless you relate it to such things as food. We sell the Germans who work for us a good solid meal for five cents. On that basis six and one-half cents an hour is good pay.

Some thirty bakeries and twenty butcher shops were already in operation. They were able to sell enough food to supply the limited population. Running water was available but the Mayor was afraid that the pipes would freeze before they could have them properly protected. The returning population had scattered all over the ruined city and this was creating special problems. They were trying to work out some way of bringing them all together in a concentrated area where it would be much easier to look after them. Light had not

yet been restored and that was one of the problems receiving attention.

Currency Regulations

The German Mayor was a bit unhappy because he had been unable to persuade Major Jones to call in all the old German paper money. We had begun to issue our own German money. We used this Allied military currency to pay our own men and to pay German civilians their wages and salaries. Millions of marks are already in circulation in occupied Germany. The money is marked as having been issued by the Allied military authorities for circulation only in Germany. It is well printed on substantial paper and each note carries a serial number and the year in which it was issued. I later asked Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau how they happened to hit on the price of ten cents for the mark as compared with two cents for the French franc and one cent for the Italian lira. He explained to me that under war conditions fixing the price of enemy money is bound to be more or less of an arbitrary matter. It was generally agreed that ten cents would be about right. Prices, internal and external, as well as the forty-cent value fixed by the Germans were considered.

He also pointed out that it was sometimes less important at what point the value of a currency was established than that it be kept stable once a decision had been made.

Rich and Poor in Aachen

The Mayor told me that there were enormous differences in the economic status of the various members of Aachen's population. Rich had become poor and a few poor had become rich. Some had been lucky enough to have a large sum in German bank notes in their possession when we took

over. Other people, who may have been much wealthier, had no cash and no source of income; their houses were ruined and they now belonged to the poorest class. The Mayor thought that the fair thing would be to call in all the old German money and start everybody off on an even basis.

Our policy in both France and Italy has been to place the existing national currency on the same basis as the Allied military currency and to permit both to circulate. We may ultimately decide that it is not wise to continue this policy in occupied Germany. But Major Jones was in no position to establish a new precedent in Aachen. He was the former Motor Vehicle Commissioner in my native state of Wisconsin, and is endowed with that gift of practical common sense which is extremely valuable in the kind of job he now occupies.

Running the Aachen Bank

Major W. P. Clark of Westport, Connecticut, who used to run a bank in Norwalk, Connecticut, has been made fiscal officer of the Military Government of Aachen. He has opened a *Kreissparkasse*—a provincial savings bank. It is going to do both a savings and a commercial loan bank business. He had taken in half a million reichsmarks during the first eight days in which the bank had been open, and he expected to get another one and a half million marks before another two weeks had passed. His bank was already making loans to people who needed money to repair their houses, or who were prepared to establish some small industry to make things for our army, or anyone who could do something to help provide shelter, food, or clothing for the civilian population. The new Aachen bank was run entirely by Germans. Our fiscal official's task was to make the rules and see that they were carried out.

One reason why the Mayor wanted to call in the old

German money was to reduce the operations of the black market, which is doing a thriving business in Aachen as everywhere else in Europe. I should be willing to judge the strength or weakness of almost any administration in any part of present-day Europe by its success or lack of success in curbing the operations of the omnipresent black market.

No Fraternization

It will be remembered that General Eisenhower has issued a special order to our troops that there must be no fraternization with any Germans. I asked Major Jones how that was working out in Aachen. He had a rather attractive young German woman secretary with whom it might have been a temptation for some of our GI's to fraternize. She spoke excellent English and might be useful in teaching them German. Major Jones assumed a stern look. "We always obey orders," he said. "There is no fraternization. But obviously," he added as an afterthought, "there has to be a certain amount of contact." So the rule in occupied Germany will be: all necessary contact but no fraternization.

I saw hundreds of Germans at work clearing up the streets of Aachen under military supervision. Bit by bit we are finding many things that the Germans can do for us. Lt. William H. Ballou of Boston, Massachusetts, is the Public Safety Officer of the Aachen Military Government. He had already recruited a competent force of one hundred and seventy-six members. His chief problem at the moment was regulating travel by civilians as well as military traffic in and out of Aachen. Germans were being kept out of certain military areas. If their homes happened to be in those areas they would try to get to them even though it was against the rules. Punishment was severe for anyone caught.

Regulation of the large amount of military traffic pouring in

and out of Aachen from both directions was not a simple task. The city was only eighteen miles from the frontlines, and a constant stream of supplies had to have unimpeded passage through the town. This was difficult because only a few streets had been cleared of the huge masses of wreckage created by our artillery bombardment.

Propaganda and Counter-Propaganda

On the basis of our Aachen experiences we are not going to have a difficult time dealing with conquered Germany. The Germans have an ingrained habit of obedience to authority. Older Germans will probably be our most efficient helpers in preventing sabotage by any younger unrepentant Nazi elements. In Aachen a mere handful of Americans are running a good-sized German city under the most difficult frontline conditions. It makes me wonder whether we shall need quite so large an army of occupation as we have sometimes supposed. Aachen is, of course, only a small sample, but it does prove that the average German is just as eager and willing to carry out Allied orders as he was to carry out Nazi orders.

The task of providing competent military supervision for Germany should not prove difficult. In this war, as in the last, home opinion of the enemy is more bitter than frontline military opinion. Our soldier knows the fighting qualities of his opponent and respects them. He is eager to complete his job as quickly as possible and to do it with the smallest possible number of casualties. He has no time for hate. When he propagandizes the enemy he is concerned with what he can say to persuade him to surrender. I picked up our surrender leaflets on various parts of the front. They make interesting reading. Their approach to the enemy is that of friendly persuasion. I have one before me which begins with the statement: "This is not a propaganda leaflet. This sheet contains instructions on the sur-

render of your positions. You will decide the course to take—death or a secure and better future.” The leaflet goes on to give detailed instructions as to just how a pillbox or a machine-gun nest is to be surrendered.

I also brought back from the front the first number of a German-language newspaper which we are publishing for the German civilian population. It is dated November 27, 1944, and leads off with General Eisenhower’s proclamation to the German people. This proclamation makes the point that we are not entering Germany as oppressors. It points out that we expect to keep German courts and German schools in operation. It urges all German officials and employees to continue in office and to carry out their usual tasks, with the implication that we shall safeguard them if they do so. To emphasize our intention to deal fairly with all German civilians, it presents an illustrated account of the military trial of two German civilians who were charged with concealing a German soldier. A court composed of five American army officers declared them not guilty and gave them their freedom. The newspaper prints their picture as they were released.

War news is naturally presented from the Allied point of view but it tells the larger part of the truth. There is a column of German news quoted from the Nazi press which cites some of the unpleasant things that are happening in Germany. One item, on the other hand, reports how German miners disobeyed Nazi orders and have continued to work for us in some of the mines of the German Saar which we have occupied. There is also a report on the creation of a Food Commission in the Aachen area. This report states that the Commission includes only Germans. They are supplied with money and are authorized to accumulate food reserves.

The paper features a special section under the caption—“Formerly Suppressed.” This section presents the kind of

news which has not been permitted to reach Germany since the beginning of the war. It summarizes the number of Japanese ships we have sunk; points out that we are constructing nine thousand planes a month and tells about the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. There is a special series of quotations from President Roosevelt's speeches, such as:

"We are not accusing the German people as such for we cannot believe that God has forever damned any people, and we know that in our own country there are many fine men and women of German ancestry who have demonstrated they are loyal, freedom-loving, and peace-loving citizens."

It is evident that while this newspaper makes no promises of a soft peace, neither does it stress punishment or retribution except for the Nazi leaders. It is from every point of view first-class propaganda and should help us in our dealings with the German civilian population as millions of Germans come under our control.

Frontline Propaganda Leaflets

There is a significant contrast between the propaganda with which we shower the Germans and the type of propaganda they toss behind our lines. One of their propaganda leaflets directed to our men is captioned "Rich Man's War—Poor Man's Fight." It shows the picture of a fat profiteer sitting comfortably at home and smoking a cigar. Below him is a wounded American soldier with lines of suffering on his face. On the other side, there are a hundred words of text of which these are the salient paragraphs:

"While you are fighting and dying thousands of miles away from your family, the war profiteers and war slackers back home are safe and sound,

"They are piling up money, while you are getting only your pay and a paltry sum for the support of your family.

"In case you should be lucky enough to return home, you will have to look for another job, for your place has been taken long ago by somebody else."

Whenever the Germans find themselves opposite one of our Negro regiments, they make a special effort to secure the surrender of some of the men. They do this by photographing one of their colored prisoners with a broad smile on his face. Above the picture they print this question in red ink: "Why is he smiling?" Then, as you turn over the leaflet, they give you the answer. And here is how it reads, again in red ink at the top: "HE IS OUT OF IT!" And it continues: "That's why he is smiling. He and his pals have found out that the Germans give the colored man a square deal.

"If you should be captured, you'll see for yourself. In a prisoner of war camp, you enjoy peace and safety under the supervision of the International Red Cross. Remember, the most important thing in a war is to get home alive." A feature of the back page is a photographic reproduction of what purports to be a hand-written statement by the captured American Negro soldier. This says: "I have been treated very nice by the Germans since i have been capture."

One need only examine this reproduction closely to realize that it has been faked, although the name used is probably genuine. There is no evidence that the Germans have had the slightest luck with this type of propaganda but they keep on trying.

The more one travels through occupied areas, the more one realizes how much people are alike in certain fundamental human reactions. The average European, whether he be an Italian, a German, a Frenchman, a Belgian, or a Hollander, gets along

as best he can with whatever public authorities fate has set over him. The German is by instinct and tradition more submissive to authority. The average Italian is more humble and the average Frenchman is more of an individualist, but by and large the chief concern of most people nowadays is to keep fed, to keep warm, and to keep out of trouble.

We are over-inclined to judge too many people as collaborators on the one hand or participants in the Resistance Movement on the other. The vast majority in all occupied countries were neither the one nor the other. They did the best they knew how, obeyed such regulations as could not be avoided or evaded, bought what was available in the black market, kept on with their daily work whenever possible, and hoped for deliverance without doing much of anything to achieve it.

We insist on transforming too many ordinary human beings into heroes or villains. Most of them are neither. When a small country like Belgium arrests sixty thousand Belgians as collaborators who deserve to be jailed or executed, I am convinced that many of them ought to be released. Fortunately, most of them will be when enough time has passed to cool the super-heated passions of the brave and patriotic leaders of the Resistance Movement. Not long ago the Paris *Figaro* asked this question: "Where will the purge lead us, unless some day police commissariats decide to toss all denunciations into waste-paper baskets?"

Who Travels the Highways?

Motoring over the roads of France, Germany, and Luxemburg, I had an excellent chance to study present-day motor traffic in those countries. Out of every ten motorized vehicles I passed on the roads, nine were American serving the Allied armies. The French travel almost exclusively on bicycles or on foot. We did pass a number of peasant carts pulled by powerful

French horses in tandem style. The best proof that there is still a good food supply in French country districts is the excellent appearance of these horses. France actually has more horses than before the war, although all other livestock was much depleted by German confiscations. Much of the area east of Paris was badly flooded this winter. It was necessary to cover many extra miles to get anywhere and the floods added great damage to that already done by the armies.

Conditions in Luxemburg

Luxemburg, through which I passed on my way to Germany, seems more prosperous than France. The reason may be that it did not spend any of its money either in preparing for or fighting a war. The Germans continued to operate Luxemburg's important metal industries and we were able to take them over intact because the Germans left in a hurry. The Luxemburgers are convinced that their money will be worth more than French money after the war and they already refuse to accept the French franc on an even exchange basis with the Luxemburg franc. Here is one of Europe's smallest countries and yet it prefers its own money to that of France or Belgium. How are we ever going to create a successful United States of Europe when tariffs and currency regulations create barriers around even the lesser national units?

Valuation versus Stabilization

Many Americans wonder why we have fixed the price of the French franc at two cents when we fixed the price of the Italian lira at one cent. The same answer applies here that Secretary Morgenthau gave me with respect to German money. The exact valuation is less important than permanent stabilization.

To find out about the French franc I went to see René Plevén,

the able French Minister of Finance. He is very accessible and he speaks excellent English. Like most of those of his Cabinet colleagues with whom I had had any contact he is fairly young, vigorous, and likable. He seemed glad to see me and surprised me by saying that I was the first American reporter who had taken the trouble to call on him. We got down at once to the business of the franc. I asked him how he could justify the two-cent value of the franc as contrasted with the one-cent value of the lira. He gave me three good reasons why the franc is not over-valued.

The American and French authorities have agreed that since all Allied troops on French territory were to be paid in francs, the price of the franc should be made high enough so that these troops would not be able to buy everything away from Frenchmen already short of almost every kind of merchandise.

It was also agreed that to get France back on her financial feet, she would have to import much machinery and raw materials. She would have to pay for it in francs, so the higher the value of the franc in terms of foreign currencies, the easier it would be for France to purchase goods abroad. And for some time to come French imports will be much greater than the sum total of French exports.

Transportation and Tires

The third point made by Monsieur Pleven is that prices in the French provinces are very much lower than they are in Paris. He cited the fact that a liter of wine which costs fifteen francs in the Bordeaux area, sells for one hundred and fifty francs in Paris. This may be an extreme example, but my own experience taught me that prices in the French provinces are only a fraction of what they are in the capital. There is a fantastic divergence in the present price of staples in different parts of France.

The reason is not hard to understand. French transport has broken down. We took the greatest pains to bomb French railroads, bridges, and highways out of commission and we did an excellent job. Repair operations have had to be concentrated on the military routes. It will be a long time before communications are back to what they were under German occupation. Not for a hundred years have French provinces been as isolated from one another as they were in the month following expulsion of the Germans. Every week another bridge is repaired, another section of rail line restored. Things are getting better but much will still have to be done throughout 1945.

I had expected to find France financially bankrupt because of German money manipulations but was happily disappointed. At the end of 1944 France completed a liberation loan campaign with outstanding success. The French people themselves subscribed more than one hundred and fifty-five billion francs. This at a time when three of the richest departments in Alsace-Lorraine were still a battlefield and several others were partially occupied. The three per cent interest paid by France on this loan is not much more than the United States feels obliged to pay for long-term money. Short-term notes are sold in France on a one and one-half per cent basis. During the past five years France has spent a total of some thirty-five billion dollars of which half went directly to the Germans. Henri Teitgen, Minister of Information, estimates at seventeen billion dollars the financial loss which France suffered during the German occupation. One-third of the thirty-five billion dollars France spent since 1939 has already been collected in income taxes. This is almost the same proportion of total expenditures which we ourselves have paid in taxes. This means that a country invaded, defeated, and then occupied and exploited for four years, equaled our record. French income taxes range from eight per

cent on an income of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year to ninety per cent on an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, which should also remind us that France is still able to pay heavier income taxes than we do. Here is support for the argument of the late Wendell Willkie that we Americans ought to be taxed more and not less while the war continues.

Problem of French Finance

One of the tasks that Finance Minister Pleven has set himself is the pursuit of war profiteers. He does not expect to stamp out the black market but he is going to see that the government gets the lion's share of the profit that anyone makes out of it.

More than six thousand persons, including private individuals and corporations, have been summoned to appear before the French confiscation committee. From at least fifteen out of this six thousand, Monsieur Pleven expects to get more than fifty million francs apiece. In addition to dealing with local profiteers the Finance Minister has plans to reach out across the Atlantic. He expects to list and mobilize all French holdings abroad. During the month of October black-market merchants alone contributed more than a hundred million francs in fines to the French treasury.

The French government will need all the money it can collect. It faces the task of replacing more than two hundred thousand buildings which have been completely destroyed and repairing more than one million one hundred thousand which have been damaged. This in addition to restoring innumerable French roads, railroads, and bridges.

There is a dearth of railroad cars and locomotives. The Germans took away a large quantity of rolling stock and we destroyed a good part of what was left. As compared with 1939 the French have one-fourth as many freight cars and one-fifth

as many locomotives, while the demand for transport is nearly twice as heavy as in normal times. They still have to restore eighteen hundred miles of railways and they must replace three hundred and fifty thousand wrecked motor cars and trucks.

All this means that France is coming through a hard winter. But with this winter the worst will be over. Allied engineering units have restored some of the railroad lines and have rebuilt some of the more important bridges over the Seine and the Loire. All difficulties seem finally to come down to a matter of transportation, and transport is gaining steadily. A chemical manufacturer who was struggling desperately to keep his plant running told me he was paying four thousand francs a ton for coal on the black market as against the official price of five hundred francs. As always during inflation, wages have not kept up with prices. Before the war this chemical manufacturer paid his common laborer twenty-two cents an hour. Now he is paying thirty-three cents an hour, which is very little in comparison with the prices asked for the necessities of life.

Who Is a Collaborator?

Next to financial stabilization the dominant topic of the press in France, Luxemburg, and Belgium was the punishment of collaborators. During my stay in Paris not a day went by in which the left-wing papers did not contain articles attacking the government for failure to prosecute more vigorously some individual or some group for collaboration with Vichy. Only *Figaro* ventured to hint that some of the sixty thousand persons under arrest might be innocent.

The man responsible for making all these arrests is Minister of the Interior Adrien Tixier. He is one of the leaders of the Resistance Movement. It seems to me that he must have more

real power than almost any member of the government except General de Gaulle. I asked him bluntly if he did not think that sixty thousand arrests were too many and he shot back this answer: "Belgium, with a fraction of our population, has also made sixty thousand arrests."

Tixier is tough. He is a man of few words, not easy to interview. He pushed aside some of my questions on the ground that his only function is to act as an automatic instrument in the execution of the law. Half a dozen times his answer to a question was: "Read the law." He was a bit nettled by my quotation of a phrase from a current editorial: "Too many arrests—too few executions."

"That too," he said, "is another one of those inaccurate generalizations." It was obvious that this man had become sensitive to criticism. He must be subjected to a great deal of it, and to severe pressure besides, since men and women can be arrested on his order. In present-day France everyone seems to want someone arrested or someone released. And most of the pressure centers on Tixier's Ministry.

"How do you deal with all these people?" I asked him. He threw back his head and uttered some exclamation. Then he said: "During the first few weeks I was in office, it was bedlam, my ante-rooms were jammed, I received thousands of anonymous letters, my telephone never stopped ringing.

"Then I took action. I refused to accept any telephone or personal calls concerning arrests. I refused to bother with any anonymous denunciations or requests for release. Everyone who wished to denounce some individual was obliged to write out a detailed charge and to sign it. The purpose of that was to pin responsibility on those who make false accusations."

"But," I said, "any Frenchman who worked under the Pétain

regime *ipso facto* is a collaborator—how can you determine among them all who deserves to be punished?”

“Read the law,” he said again. “It contains a careful and detailed definition of collaboration. The law is my sole guide.”

I followed his advice and read the law, but I must confess that it failed to provide the answer to my question. It is involved and detailed but the words it contains are not explicit.

U. S. Recognition Too Slow

M. Tixier was a bit resentful at what he called the slow progress of the United States in recognizing the full authority of the de Gaulle government. He cited the case of Alsace.

“There,” he said, “my representatives should have gone in almost immediately with the armies. They should have established French civilian authority in every town and village as soon as it was free of German occupation.

“Just see what happened here in Paris. I should have been sitting behind this desk the day after Paris was freed. A vacuum in civil government is always dangerous. Certain Paris elements of which you and I do not approve gained much more authority than they would have gained had the French government been permitted to enter the capital with the French army. We could have prevented certain undesirable things from happening. Now we have the same vacuum in Alsace. I am doing the best I can without waiting for official permission, but I could do very much better if your American generals told me to go ahead.”

Tixier's Ministry of the Interior controls all the prefects, under-prefects, and mayors. Everyone in these three categories who held office under Marshal Pétain has been removed. Charges have been preferred against only three out of the eighty Pétain prefects. The first one of the three to be tried was con-

demned to death. It is fortunate for France that when the Pétain regime assumed power, it ousted a good many of the mayors, prefects, and under-prefects who had held these positions under the Third Republic. A considerable number of these professional public servants have now been put back into their old positions.

"Resistance Psychology"

Talking to a man like Minister of the Interior Tixier makes one realize that there is a definite Resistance psychology. Every one of the leaders of the new France is a man or woman who suffered and sacrificed. It is only natural that they feel bitterly toward those who took a more comfortable or a more compromising attitude in the years of trial. For the same reason, most Frenchmen who lived comfortably abroad are not as popular as those who suffered at home. Many thousands of Frenchmen were obliged to change their names and live with forged identification papers to avoid arrest. Manufacturing false documents was a big business in France under the occupation. Some of the reporters of the underground press who are now working for the Paris papers told me they hesitated to go back to their real names. For four years they have been making journalistic reputations under false names which they are now inclined to keep.

Such men are not likely to be patient with current mistakes or hesitations on the part of the Paris government. They cry out fiercely against any delay or compromise. They want action for this and for that. They have endured so long that they feel entitled to ask an end to all suffering and difficulty. Yet, the war continues, and in some respects the situation is bound to be worse than under the German occupation when transport had not been destroyed. So there is a daily impatient clamor in the

Paris press which is also a true expression of the universal temper. If, under such conditions, the new French government does succeed in maintaining a rule of justice under law it will write a creditable chapter in the history of France.

The Eighth Base Hospital

Just before the war began the French completed the great Beaujon Hospital in Paris. In 1940, the Germans took it over and made it the de luxe hospital for the German Air Corps. Last summer they were chased out of it in such a hurry that they left behind a well-equipped dental clinic and a superb X-ray installation. Now the American Army has taken it over as the Eighth Base Hospital. It is taking care of some two thousand American sick and wounded soldiers under the best possible conditions. American Ambassador Caffery's infected finger gave me a chance to see this hospital. He was having it treated there when I went to interview him. Lt. Col. William J. Vynalek of the Army Medical Motor Corps, Chief of Surgery, showed me through. He, himself, is from Chicago and, as often happens, he has managed to recruit a staff of assistants of whom many were also from Chicago.

Before our wounded soldiers arrive in Paris, they have been treated first at a field hospital and then at an evacuation hospital. The purpose of their stay in the French capital is either to cure them within two weeks, or to prepare them to be moved to England or to the United States. By December, 1944, arrangements had been completed for direct evacuation from Paris to the United States. The huge C-54 transport planes, with their three tiers of stretchers attached to both sides of the plane, take off from one of the large airfields outside of Paris and fly directly to the Azores. From there they proceed to the United States by way of Bermuda.

I have yet to see an American hospital at the front or behind it that does not appear to be well run. Our Medical Corps has set the highest possible standards and everyone is trying to live up to them under what are bound to be difficult conditions. We have established remarkable records in curing anything and everything. We have also made great progress in preventing many things. The advance that war experience has provided in diagnosis and treatment will, in a few years, offset a good proportion of war's casualties. In counting these we sometimes forget that men also get hurt or sick and die in civilian life. We do not present an accurate picture of war casualties unless we first deduct the proper proportion of normal civilian casualties. I remember my surprise when I learned in an aviation training school in California that the death rate among the cadets was far lower than among the same age group in civilian life. The army naturally selects healthy men and it also pays much more attention to keeping them healthy. A large proportion of the twelve million Americans who will have had military service in this war will be better off physically for the rest of their lives than if they had not worn a uniform. I say this in spite of the fact that many things happen to men in military service that would not happen to them if they lived at home.

Trench Foot Appears

Early in the winter of 1944-45 some of our men at the front began to develop trench foot. This was a very common ailment in World War I when men lived for months in cold, wet trenches and dugouts. It occurs when men are obliged to keep their shoes on for several days and nights without having a chance to rub their feet and put on dry, warm socks. At the Eighth Base Hospital I was told that the British Army was free of trench foot and that we were investigating to see whether

some difference in equipment might account for this. Most of the cases in the Paris hospital were not serious. They had been caught in the early stages when trench foot can be easily cured. The hospital had helped launch a research project to determine just how the trouble could be avoided. But it seems to have continued for the better part of the winter. One enterprising American colonel had some felt boots made for his men in a Belgian factory. They put these on when they came off duty. In the particular unit in which this was done the incidence of trench foot was lower than in any other exposed to the same conditions.

6

BELGIUM

Arrival in Belgium

FROM Paris to Brussels takes a good eight hours by car and a little over one hour by air. Since I was on my way to a British theater of operations the British air service agreed to carry me, but when I reached Le Bourget airfield the British had cancelled their flights on account of weather, but American planes, which evidently used a different weather service, were still flying. They were willing to take me in one of the faithful C-47's that hop back and forth between the two capitals at least four times a day. So I had an hour's wait at Le Bourget in which to see what had happened to this famous airport.

Every building and hangar had been completely smashed by our precision bombing. A large army of French civilians was engaged in patching up the walls and roofs of some of the main buildings. The Red Cross had already established an extremely popular coffee and doughnut station on the ground floor. Most of the runways were completely repaired and the field was full of all kinds and types of planes. En route to Brussels we had C rations for lunch and landed early in the afternoon.

Debate in the Belgian Senate

I was taken at once to the Public Relations Office at the headquarters of Major General Miles Graham who is in charge of administration for the 21st Army Group. There Brigadier Geoffrey Neville, the Director of Press and Psychological War-

fare, knew how to get things going and within an hour I was listening to an important debate in the Belgian Senate. It was soon after an incipient revolution had been suppressed by firm government action in cooperation with Allied military authorities.

I expected oratorical fireworks since the government was asking for increased powers. But the debate was well ordered and polite. In the Belgian Parliament everything happens in two languages. Prime Minister Pierlot was speaking in French but by picking up a pair of earphones placed at my seat I could hear a translator recreating the speech in Flemish as the Prime Minister progressed. Speakers have their choice of using either language and the translation goes on as they speak. There were two women members of the Senate and two clerics in white robes. I was told that the number of Catholic Party and Socialist Party members was evenly balanced. At the close of the debate the Government won the same outstanding victory it had previously won in the House. There were only half a dozen opposition votes. The issue in this debate was the fundamental one of order and legality. On this issue the Belgian Parliament and the Belgian people were almost unanimously on the side of the Government and against the extremists.

From the first there was definite weakness in the Pierlot Government's position. He and most of his Cabinet came over from London as a refugee government. That is why no one expected the Pierlot Government to last. It survived longer than expected. In February, 1945, when challenged on its failure to provide enough food or fuel, the Pierlot Cabinet resigned. The new Government is led by Achille Van Acker, a Socialist who was labor minister in the Pierlot Cabinet. Van Acker struck me as a man of considerable personal force. He was able to include both Communists and Catholics in a Cabinet dominated by the Socialist Party. In the Belgian public mind the Communist

Party lost some prestige because of the Brussels riots. On the whole, the average Belgian is a conservative individual to whom revolution makes little appeal. There is probably a higher average of prosperity in Belgium today than in France.

The country was re-occupied so quickly that there was little destruction. The ports, especially Antwerp, were not even damaged. The coal mines and industrial plants continued working at top speed during the occupation. Belgium was always able to grow more than half of its own food. The Government put through a vigorous devaluation of the Belgian franc which helped to keep prices in line with wages.

I heard the Belgian Senate debate a new piece of social legislation. It included some aspects of the Beveridge plan. It proposed to collect almost one fourth of the wages paid to labor and to provide full unemployment, sickness, and old-age insurance. The conservative members of the Belgian Senate protested vigorously against this measure, declaring that it was untimely in a period of continued crisis. But the Government insisted on its immediate passage. In the Belgian Parliament there were a number of spokesmen for persons who had been arrested for alleged collaboration. The Minister of Justice, in replying to his critics, admitted that mistakes might have been made. He promised to examine the "not guilty" pleas of arrested persons at the earliest possible moment.

Altogether it seemed to me that Belgium was in a much less excited frame of mind than France. Parliamentary procedure was back to normal and the Government includes more conservative elements than is the case in France.

Communists in the Cabinet

The only morning paper in Brussels, curiously enough, was the Communist paper, *Le Drapeau Rouge*, which naturally cried out in a loud voice against everything the Government

had done or proposed to do. Prime Minister Pierlot, with whom I spent an interesting evening, told me that the Communists would always find it difficult to work as honest partners in any government which they could not control. He had a typical experience with three highly intelligent, well-intentioned Communist members of his own Cabinet. They were sincerely desirous of working with his Government. They tried hard to secure the radical measures in which they believed, but gave way when it was pointed out to them that they could not be carried through by a coalition government. On some matters, however, the Communists had enough influence to secure modification in the direction they desired. It was not many weeks after the Pierlot Government was established that the leaders of the Communist Party put heavy pressure on the Communist Cabinet members. They were no longer permitted to speak for themselves. They were ordered to carry out the Party's directives, and they were not permitted to consent to anything which the Communist Party had not previously approved. It was clear that under these conditions they became mere obstructionists at all Cabinet meetings. They objected to everything and approved nothing.

Then came the riots which were inspired and led by the Communist Party. They were suppressed almost without bloodshed thanks to the efficient behind-the-scenes cooperation of Major General Erskine, who represents General Eisenhower in the Belgian area. When the riots began, the telephone wires between Paris and Brussels were extremely busy.

The Allied High Command has determined that under no conditions will it interfere in the political affairs of any European country. But the Allied High Command has also determined that the political affairs of any country cannot be permitted to interfere with military operations. When it looked

as though Communist strikes and riots might spread in Belgium and interfere with the operation of the railroads behind the Allied front, it was time for the military authorities to do something. They took a course of action which, without the use of force, discouraged processions and demonstrations. Force was visible but remained in the background. This enabled the Belgian police to handle the situation and the trouble blew over after a few difficult days. Some rioters were killed but under conditions which seem to provide justification for police intervention.

The Communist members of the Pierlot Government resigned immediately. Prime Minister Pierlot heaved a sigh of relief and after this things functioned smoothly until the Belgian Socialists created a Cabinet crisis.

Unlike General de Gaulle, Pierlot is not a man with much popular appeal. He is a good, intelligent, hard-working public servant who knows his way about in party politics. He continued to be head of the Belgian government through many difficult months, largely because it was not easy to find anyone to take his place. The new Premier is farther to the Left and closer to average opinion. Whether he will have better luck with the Communist members of his Cabinet remains to be seen. In any case it is a good sign that free Belgium has passed through its first change of government in strict accord with constitutional procedure.

Communist Influence Destructive

Meanwhile Belgium's experience with the Communists is typical. They will continue to be a disturbing factor all over Europe for years to come. They are well organized, well disciplined, and well led. Their newspapers are well edited and often have large circulation. No one can speak with authority

on the extent to which the Communist Parties in various European countries receive their directives from Moscow. They do act with remarkable unanimity on certain issues and, on occasion, change direction with remarkable speed. Communists also act as a necessary stimulant to governments slow in providing for such basic popular needs as food and fuel. But they are much more often destructive than constructive. They have shown no ability to play a proper part in the democratic process. Nowhere have they helped parliamentary government to function. They are always willing to combine with their greatest enemies to overthrow a government, but they are rarely willing to work with other parties, even of the Left, in order to maintain one.

As a rule, the Communists hate a Socialist more than a Fascist. Under such conditions it is difficult to see how supporters of democratic government can take anything but a hostile attitude toward the Communists. They must first demonstrate that they are willing to play the game of government with some respect for those rules which long experience has demonstrated to be necessary. In France the Socialist and Communist leaders of the Resistance Movement are trying to work out a joint program. If they succeed, it will be something new in politics.

Antwerp Undamaged

A most encouraging experience in Belgium was my visit to the port of Antwerp. I stopped there on my way from Brussels to the British and Canadian front in Holland. It was a day of bright sunshine and the streets of Antwerp were crowded. That night, sitting before a frontline radio at Nijmegen in Holland, I heard Lord Haw-Haw speak from Berlin and tell his English-speaking listeners that Antwerp had been completely destroyed by buzz-bombs. In a one-hour drive through the city I saw two

buildings which had been hit by bombs. There were probably others, but the damage was not evident from a passing car. In the harbor area itself, where I spent more than an hour, I saw absolutely no destruction. I was in one of the most important buildings, talked to the harbormaster and from his window could survey a good-sized port area. No damage was apparent. Everywhere there were plenty of ships unloading military cargoes. Although I covered only a small part of the many miles of docks and quays, I saw hundreds of ships of one type or another, many of them cargo boats.

I was told so many ships had arrived it was impossible to unload all of them at once, not because of a lack of facilities in the port itself but because sufficient inland storage facilities were not yet available. Our chief transport problem in northern France and Belgium is no longer port facilities. Antwerp has provided the complete answer to this problem. Sometimes it is railroads from the port to the front which delay unloading, or it may be the lack of warehouses to take care of material which would be damaged if exposed to winter weather conditions. I could hardly believe that the offensive power of five armies depended on opening the single port of Antwerp. Yet that was the case. A quick survey of Antwerp's enormous facilities and the perfect condition in which those facilities were left by the retreating Germans makes it easier to understand.

Broadcasting from Holland

It was sad to see what has happened to Holland. So many places have been destroyed or damaged and the people show many signs of suffering. It was bad enough to live in an occupied country but it is still worse to be living near the frontlines where the tide of battle surges back and forth. Most of the big Dutch cities are in enemy hands. The country districts which

we now occupy have been stripped bare. The food and fuel problems seem to be more acute than anywhere else. The opening of the port of Antwerp has enabled us to do something about it. Practically all of the innumerable canal bridges were destroyed and have had to be replaced by the omnipresent Bailey bridge. This is a portable bridge made of steel sections readily transported and assembled. Our engineers are experts in putting it together. They can span a stream in a few hours.

The Dutch peasants continue to work their little farms under the most dangerous and difficult conditions. They are stolid, apathetic, and appear indifferent to danger.

On this part of the front nothing is easier than to run into enemy lines. You are always being shunted off from the main roads and the detours are not as well marked as would be convenient for uninformed drivers. Half a dozen times we were stopped and told that we were advancing on the enemy with one jeep and one machine gun. I always wondered what would have happened had friendly counsel not been available in time.

We reached Nijmegen long after dark and it took us another full hour of driving in the blackout to locate the place where we were to stay. As usual, we struck several wrong places before we hit the right one, which was a British Broadcasting Corporation headquarters.

The BBC boys do credit to the intelligence with which the BBC selects its war correspondents. They were hosts to several American radio reporters. It was the most delightful group of frontline correspondents I encountered on my journey. We had what Samuel Johnson calls "good talk," and I owe to my Nijmegen colleagues some interesting bits of information I had not heard before. It was bitter cold in all the bedrooms but there was one small stove on the lower floor to keep things comfort-

able in the main assembly room. There was a small bar, an adequate mess, a game of darts, at which any Britisher can beat any American, and a small supply of reading matter. There was also a radio which could pick up most enemy broadcasts. These were a source of both information and entertainment.

Not long before midnight I started out for the secretly located mobile radio station from which I was to broadcast. It was one of those units established in a trailer, which are hauled about to the different army fronts.

Our car broke down when we had covered half the five-mile distance and I saw my broadcast, for which I had worked fairly hard that day, go glimmering. We decided to hail the first passing car, plead our case, and take a chance on getting a lift. It was a British mail truck going in the opposite direction. The British Tommy who was driving shook his head. "We've got Christmas mail," he said, "we can't delay it much. How far did you say it was?"

"Only two and a half miles," we replied eagerly.

"Well," he said after another moment of hesitation, "we've all got our work to do in this war. I'll take you." So David Anderson, the regular NBC correspondent in this area, and I jammed into the front seat and the huge truck lumbered up side roads through fog and blackout until it delivered us alongside the radio trailer a few minutes before the broadcast hour. I wish I knew the name and address of that British Tommy.

Talks with German Prisoners

During my stay at the various western fronts, I had several interviews with German war prisoners. It is always an unsatisfactory experience. One has an uncomfortable feeling of taking advantage of a fellow human being who finds himself in unhappy circumstances. In point of fact, a German prisoner taken

by the American Army is really a very lucky individual. We are meticulous about complying with the Geneva Convention. Under the existing regulations German prisoners receive the same food as our own soldiers and in many ways they are better off than they would be in their own army.

Most of the prisoners I saw were fairly well clothed. Their uniforms were often torn and dirty but they appeared to be made out of good material. The men themselves are usually unkempt and unshaven. Prisoners one meets at the front may have been captured from two hours to two weeks earlier.

Psychologically, there is a curious sameness about almost all of them. They are stiff-necked about their continued belief in Hitler and in the Nazi Party. We Americans expect people to be reasonable and to face facts, but we forget that a well-trained Nazi cannot do that. He has been completely indoctrinated with the religion of National Socialism. It has burned its way into his inner being and he cannot rid himself of it overnight even when his reason tells him he should try to do so. If I were to base my hope for a redemption of the younger Germans from Nazi ideology on my interviews with German prisoners, I should have to conclude that these young people are a lost generation. However, this must be remembered: no young person can lose in two weeks a religion which he has believed in for more than a dozen years. Only the slow hand of time, the continued absence of propaganda pressure, the effects of the lost war, and the manifold evidence of Nazi errors, Nazi failures, and Nazi crimes can produce the desired result.

There may be some basis for hope in the fact that the older prisoners are more reasonable than the young. They will admit Nazi mistakes. Some of them will tell you frankly that the war is lost. A young German soldier who admits this is also likely to add that he expects to fight in another and a more successful

war. The military tradition which has been inculcated on the German people since the days of Frederick the Great will die slowly.

I always made it a point to try to talk to prisoners when no other Allied officers or men were present. I felt that when many of them surrounded only one Allied representative they would feel more free to speak as they felt. In response to such general questions as: "Do you still believe in Adolf Hitler?" there would be a general shout of affirmation. If I followed that with the question: "Can Germany win the war?" a few would remain silent, but others shouted: "Ja" or "Gewiss" or "Sicher." But they became a little less sure when they were pressed to indicate the time it would take for Germany to win.

At one prisoners' cage near the frontlines in Holland a group of several hundred were huddled in a cold factory building. They were waiting to be transferred to some better-organized quarters in the rear and were not particularly happy about their present state. With the permission of the Canadian officers who were running the camp I went in among the prisoners and gave them a chance to talk to me and ask me questions before I began to interrogate them. They were chiefly concerned about how long it would be before they would be sent somewhere else and whether or not I could get them more hot food and more comfortable bedding. They complained particularly because one man, who had been injured had not been taken to a hospital. They were about as arrogant a lot as I saw anywhere and were little inclined to make allowance for the fact that they were living under frontline conditions where their captors fared little better than the prisoners. They ridiculed the idea of Germany's losing the war but I had the feeling that two or three Nazi non-commissioned officers were giving the answer and the others were chiming in. Then, suddenly, one tall chap with a menac-

ing look on his face elbowed his way through the crowd and planted himself squarely in front of me.

"I don't believe in Hitler," he shouted so the others could hear, "and I can tell you that Germany has lost the war. She can't possibly win it." The others tried to cry him down but he outfaced them. Then he took me aside and told me that he was a Hollander who had been forced to fight with the Germans and he wanted my help to secure his release. I told him that since he had not yet been processed, he would have a chance to tell his whole story to the Canadian officers when he came up for examination. Personally, I should have been a little suspicious of his story, but I wondered how he would fare when the Nazis began to upbraid him for his disbelief in Hitler.

Examining a Lieutenant

At this same Canadian prison camp I interviewed a young German lieutenant who had worked his way up from the ranks, as most young Nazi officers have done. First, I listened to his cross-examination by a Canadian intelligence officer and was struck by the amount of technical information he possessed and which he seemed perfectly willing to give. He outlined the exact composition of his unit, its successive locations, the means of transport, and the general conditions under which his unit worked. It seemed to me that for a mere lieutenant he was remarkably well informed.

When I was given a chance to take him over for a private cross-examination he became reserved. He was much less inclined to discuss the general situation in the Reich than to talk about military matters. Yet after a bit of preliminary fencing we began to get along. I pointed out various developing weaknesses in the German army but he always had a fairly good answer. When I spoke of the lack of gasoline, he commented

that innumerable military vehicles have now been equipped to use charcoal. He also pointed out that back of the present front the German railroad system is so well integrated and developed that it can handle most military transport. He referred to the various transfers of his own unit up and down the Rhine Valley, nearly always by railroad. He emphasized the shortness of Germany's present lines of communication and the unity of Germany's army as contrasted with the diverse elements which make up the Allied forces.

But he was too intelligent not to know that Germany had lost the war. When I worked up to my final question: "Do you honestly believe that Germany can still win the war?" he remained silent for a moment and then answered as follows: "If I answer your question as a patriotic German I can give you no other answer but to say, yes, we will win, we must win the war. But if I honestly tell you what I really think, then I must say, I am afraid we have lost it."

Germans After the War

We must never forget that apart from being a Nazi the average German is intensely patriotic. Living in the center of Europe, surrounded for centuries by powers which were at least potential enemies—Austria-Hungary, Russia, Great Britain, and France—he has developed an expansionist urge which has nothing to do with Nazism or even Kaiserism. The Germans have dreamed of empire and expansion ever since Frederick the Great's genius gave them conquest and Bismarck's genius gave them unity. Two lost wars have now provided a salutary lesson. The one thing Germans must learn is that they are not strong enough to defeat the rest of Europe plus America. Postwar Germany will be unable to grow strong by herself—the Allies will take care of that. For at least several decades Germany must be

willing to grow strong only in association with other powers. For just as the Nazi prisoner of today reaffirms his belief in Adolf Hitler, the emancipated German of tomorrow will continue to dream of a greater Germany. But if we succeed in organizing a decent world to act in unison against aggression, all nations, including Germany, can seek and find greatness in the ways of peace. The one danger is that Allied disunity will grant Germany new opportunity.

7

UNFLINCHING BRITAIN

Ninety Minutes to London

THE wartime hop from Brussels to London is a routine ninety-minute flight. Just why an occasional plane is still lost on one of these brief cross-Channel journeys is hard to understand. There may be a military reason which will be revealed after the war. Buzz-bombs come to mind. At the front one learns so many things that would make wonderful stories. I only hope that some of them will not be forgotten by the time it is possible to make them public.

The airfields around London are very busy. Transport planes arrive and depart every few minutes. You are one of many thousands who come into and go out of these airports every day, so you take your place in the slow-moving line to see the security officer, the immigration officer, the health officer, the customs officer, and the finance officer. Each time it is a long line and it may take two hours before you have finished. Most of the British soldiers and officers with whom I came to London were home from the front for Christmas leave. Practically everyone showed the customs officer a bottle or two of champagne or cognac which were to be opened for his Christmas party. I thought it was a shame that the British Government, which never departs from established rules, made these boys pay the regular duty on liquor imports. But not one voiced a word of complaint or seemed to think it was anything but natural that

he should pay the duty. Of course, our boys can bring in no liquor at all, but they are permitted to carry one hundred dollars of foreign purchases free of duty.

The British are just as strict as we are about money regulations. Soldiers are expected to exchange all their money every time they move from one country to another. There is a rigid embargo against carrying any American or British money across frontiers. Yet the temptation is constant to violate this regulation. There is always a black market where British or American money can be exchanged at double the official rate in French or Belgian francs or Italian liras. Europe's present-day monetary system is so artificial that it takes strict military discipline to maintain it. Our financial wizards will have to do a lot of fixing before Europe's wartime paper money can be given a chance to seek its own level. I can understand why a huge stabilization fund was made part of the Bretton Woods financial plan and why our bankers are afraid of it.

First Drive Through London

Military buses take you into London from the outlying airfields. There are no private conveyances and you must wait your turn. The drive in revealed little apparent damage. Reading about the hundreds of thousands of damaged buildings in the London area gives an altogether misleading idea of London's appearance. To the casual eye there is practically no damage for many blocks at a time. This is particularly true for an American. We are so used to seeing empty lots and fenced-off building sites and buildings half torn down. We fail to realize that in London this is all evidence of bomb damage. Where a house or building was completely destroyed the orderly British cleaned up the site, so that to us it just looks like an empty lot. Or some of the ruins were left and merely fenced

in. If you pass at dusk a great many buildings that are nothing but empty shells look as though they had not been hit at all. Windows were blown out of so many buildings otherwise undamaged that it is hard to tell the difference between a row of houses which suffered no damage except broken windows and an adjoining row where little more than the walls are left, but where many of the windows were covered over with muslin after a previous blast. I say this not to minimize the damage but to indicate how deceptive appearances can be.

London Streets Are Still Dark

On my first night in London I found the present dimout a great improvement over the blackout I had previously known. Just a little bit of street lighting here and there and an occasional gleam from a window or a motor-car headlight makes a conspicuous difference. Most important of all, the street intersections and the little safety isles in the middle of the streets are now marked with small shining crosses which save the pedestrian many a stumble. Yet it is so easy to go wrong. Because of the difficulty of getting taxis, I usually went on foot from Claridge's, where I was staying, to Broadcasting House. It was little more than half a mile up winding Brook Street to Regent Street and then along Regent Street across Oxford Street and beyond. Yet, several times, by veering off a little to the right or left, I succeeded in getting lost and had to retrace my steps. Each night I grew more expert and remembered that no London street ever goes straight. I also learned that London streets have a way of changing their names every few squares. What put me off at first was that when I flashed my little pocket light at the street signs I would suddenly discover myself on an unfamiliar street. Later I learned it was the same street but that it had changed its name.

In daylight such things never trouble you but it is surprising how quickly one becomes confused when walking along in utter darkness. Fellow pedestrians are always friendly. Any one will set you right unless you happen to accost a Yankee soldier who says mournfully, "Brother, I'm lost myself." Speaking to strangers on a dark street at one o'clock in the morning is generally supposed to be bad practice but not in London. Everybody does it, including a large number of females who are not asking for directions.

Bombproof British

My first London dinner cost me five shillings or one dollar at a good restaurant on Regent Street. The meat course was scanty but everything was excellent. My first London theater evening was at the Palladium which featured Tommy Trinder, a British comedian whose jokes even an American could understand. As a matter of fact, I have the feeling that one result of the war is that British and American humor have come much closer to one another. The variety program included an excellent lend-lease sketch and nice bit of dialogue between Tommy Trinder and a United States WAC. It was clearly apparent that the Briton's humorous comment on the Yankee soldier remains just what it was when I first heard it three years ago: "He is overdressed, overdecorated, overpaid, and over here."

It is much warmer in England than on the Continent, both indoors and outdoors. Every building I was in was well heated. I never fully appreciated the difference in comfort between an unheated and a heated room until I reached Claridge's in London. Somehow heat alone seemed to transform a mere place to live in into something that felt more like home. When you come in from the outside and expect continued cold and suddenly find genial warmth, it is as though you were held in a warm embrace. If for several days each month each one of us could

experience real cold and hunger, we would certainly be more appreciative of those comforts and luxuries we now take as a matter of course.

The city of London seems very far from the front. There is an enormous difference between living conditions in the British Isles and those everywhere on the continent of Europe. But just when you say that to yourself you may see a detailed air-raid warning; or as you walk along the streets at night, you may look up to see the silvery searchlight fingers reaching to the sky and flashing along the dark clouds in search of some lonely raider. Or at dinner you hear an explosion; at the same moment the building shakes, dishes rattle and someone says: "That was another V-2. I wonder where it landed." Perhaps the next day you pass an enormous area of newly shattered buildings and get an idea of just what one bomb can do.

One night I was dining with Lord Beaverbrook in his handsome flat when such an explosion shook every dish on the table. The conversation continued as though nothing had happened, but a minute or two later Lord Beaverbrook, who is a good newspaperman and knows what a reporter would like to do, suggested that I be permitted to open the window and look out. I did so but we could see nothing. Early next morning the British Ministry of Information carried me to the spot where the "incident"—magnificent British understatement—had occurred.

An Incident in London

I was able to observe on the spot how well the British have organized their emergency service. There was an "incident controller" who managed everything and we had to secure his permission before we could nose around. I watched a group of men who were appraising the damage done to buildings. They decided instantly which were to receive temporary repairs so that they could be made habitable and which were to be aban-

doned. There were other officers who looked after relief. Each bombed-out family received twenty-five pounds (one hundred dollars) for emergency use. If they needed shelter they were assigned to some near-by place where it could be obtained. They were given meal tickets so that they could get their meals at a public kitchen. Children were provided for when necessary. In this particular explosion, for some unaccountable reason, only three people had been killed and thirty-odd injured. There was still one ambulance waiting. It belonged to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was there to take care of an injured horse which was being dug out of a collapsed stable. Throughout the damaged area workmen were pulling down shaky walls, others were sweeping the shattered glass up from the streets and collecting the rubble in neat piles. All this was still routine in London after more than five years of war.

It made me wonder whether an occasional bomb dropped on a few of our largest American cities would have changed the average American's complacent attitude toward the war. No one has ever had to ask a Londoner: "Don't you know that there's a war on?" Indeed, he does know and you cannot help but admire his cheerful equanimity, his complete indifference to current danger, and his placid acceptance of whatever sacrifice the war has imposed. Somehow, I wish we could have had the spiritual cleansing and the development of that patriotic unity which comes from the common experience of day by day death and danger. It has given the British something precious out of their war experience which we have missed.

Labor Party Conference

The first public meeting which I attended in London was the annual Labor Party Conference. It was the first time I had gone

to one of these meetings, and it gave me a better idea of what the next British Labor Government will be like. One had to be either a delegate or a special guest to get into the large auditorium, since the official representatives of the Party took up a large proportion of the seats.

The first thing to strike me were the words on the three large banners hung over the stage and against the walls. The one in the center read: "Labor Forward to Power." This obviously was the prediction of a Labor Party victory in the next election. Every Labor man seems almost certain that his Party will take the government away from the Conservatives the first time the British voters go to the polls. There is much ground for believing that they are right unless Churchill times the next election with uncanny skill.

The second banner was related to the war. It read: "To a People's Victory." The implication here was that victory for the Allied armies was not enough. The military victory had to be transformed into a victory for the Allied peoples. The British Labor Party is keenly aware of the failures which followed the last peace. Labor leaders are determined to try to avoid past mistakes. My impression from the speeches to which I listened was that the Labor Party is most anxious to develop friendly relations among peoples as well as among governments and, so far as the speeches went, enemy peoples were included.

The third banner made it clear that the Labor Party is a Socialist Party, for this banner read: "Socialism—Security and Progress." This banner could be interpreted as meaning that Socialism means security and progress or that Socialism, security, and progress are the three aims to which the Labor Party is now addressing its efforts.

British labor leaders were loud in their defense of the Re-

sistance Movements on the Continent. One of the continuing issues in such countries as France, Italy, Belgium, and Greece is the extent to which those who led resistance against the Germans under occupation shall now be permitted to dominate the governments. By and large, it is the Leftists and the Communists who were most effective in building up the Underground. They insist that this entitles them to present power. They are opposed by those largely conservative forces who lived in exile, or who may have been less active against the Germans at home. The conflict between these two elements will dominate European politics for some time to come. And while the British Labor Party continues to be dead set against Communism, which has sought to disrupt the British labor movement, the Resistance Movement on the Continent continues to excite its sympathy.

That is why the Labor Party members of the House of Commons voiced such vigorous criticism of the use of the British Army to subdue the *Elas* forces when these sought to take over the government of Greece. Several speakers at the Labor Party Convention urged union with the workers of Russia as against union with the government of Russia, but not one sought to explain how this could be brought about. And the same speakers also urged union with the workers of Germany and Italy. To me it sounded very much like the historic slogan—"Workers of the World Unite."

Labor Views on Germany

Speaker after speaker, in the debate on foreign affairs, opposed the dismemberment of Germany, the return of Germany to a predominantly agricultural status (in effect this is de-industrialization of Germany), or the attempt to transfer large units of population from one place to another. Several speakers

favoured a United States of Europe but did not particularize just how it was to be set up.

Lord Strabolgi, who was one of the speakers, was most vigorous in opposing the policy of unconditional surrender. He related this policy to what he called Vansittartism and declared that these two unfortunate doctrines were chiefly to blame for the fanatic resistance of the Germans. He asserted that the Allies must find a way to give some hope to the German people. One speaker referred to Dumbarton Oaks as the Dumbarton Hoax. There was one advocate of a Communist-Socialist union on the ground that both parties hold the Socialist faith and that it springs from the sense of common humanity.

There also was repeated reference to the mistakes made in British foreign policy in 1931 when our then Secretary of State Stimson suggested common American-British action against Japanese aggression in Manchuria. His offer of joint action had received a cold reception from the British Foreign Office. More than one Labor speaker pointed out that the British Empire had been won by wars of aggression.

On the whole, this meeting confirmed the impression I had formed of the Labor Party while Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister of Great Britain. I am convinced that such men as he and Gustav Stresemann, Chancellor Bruening, Edouard Herriot, and Aristide Briand could have worked out Europe's peace problem if they had all been in power at the same time and had been given a reasonable chance to work together. There isn't a spark of militarism, imperialism, or aggressive policy in the British Labor Party. But I should like to be sure of a peace-minded Germany and a peace-minded Japan and a peace-minded Russia before giving Britain's labor leaders full opportunity to carry out their generous policies.

Only then could I find myself in agreement with that British

labor leader who quoted Woodrow Wilson's famous sentence: "The day may come when men will be as fearful of being disloyal to humanity as they are now fearful of being disloyal to their country."

What Is Vansittartism?

After hearing frequent references to Vansittartism I made it a point to talk with Lord Vansittart to learn just what kind of treatment he proposed for postwar Germany. I found him much more sensible in his attitude and reasonable in his demands than most people suppose. One thing Vansittartism does not mean is the de-industrialization of Germany. Lord Vansittart would eliminate such key industries as are directly related to military preparedness, such as aviation. According to him, this would not of itself create a major unemployment problem in Germany, since only half a dozen industries would be involved and most of the workers could be placed elsewhere.

He makes the point that Germany is unlikely to have surplus workers for several years to come because Russia and other Allied powers will continue to use German prisoners of war for rebuilding Europe. He believes in this policy. Germans, he says, should help reconstruct what they have destroyed. However, he would not treat German prisoners as slave labor. He would be fair in dealing with them and would pay them for the work they do. While there is no unemployment this plan may work, but care must be taken not to have war prisoners compete for jobs with free workers. Russia will be able to deal with this problem much more easily than democratic countries.

Vansittart is not in sympathy with the Sumner Welles plan for the division of Germany into three approximately equal parts. He would leave Germany intact except for East Prussia and parts of Silesia. When he talked with me last December he

considered it settled that Russia and Poland would divide East Prussia between them. He is willing to grant Poland part of Silesia but he would vigorously oppose giving the Poles all of Silesia up to the Oder River. The Oder boundary for Poland was suggested by the Russian-created Lublin Government of Poland. Lord Vansittart points out that this would incorporate at least seven million Germans into Poland and thus create a serious minority problem. He expressed the opinion that even a majority of Poles would be opposed to the incorporation into Poland of so much of German Silesia.

He would like to see Austria established as an entirely separate state. He does not see much difference between Austrians and Germans, hence does not believe that Austrians will be as reasonable in their attitude as some people suppose. He is against the creation of a Catholic bloc in central Europe. Such a bloc would require a union between Austria and Bavaria and it is his opinion that both the Austrians and the Bavarians would be opposed to such a marriage.

The suggestion has been made in some quarters that the Allied army of occupation will have to number at least half a million men. This he considers ridiculous. Lord Vansittart maintains that a dozen well-equipped divisions will suffice. He wants all the United Nations to play some part in providing them. On this basis the United States and Great Britain between them would have to furnish only some sixty thousand men and he adds: "If we are unwilling to contribute that much to the maintainance of order in Europe, we may as well give up the hope of making a good peace."

He regards the present generation of Germans as lost. But he believes that with some intelligently developed supervision the Germans themselves can educate their next generation to a better way of life. To accomplish this he would be careful not to

set up an obvious, arbitrary control, either of German industry or of German education. He agreed with me that the best way to control German industry is to place representatives of the United Nations in key positions as managers, officers, or directors. The same thing could be done in the educational field. An army of alien school-teachers would do more harm than good. Such German teachers as have come to share our belief in the superiority of the democratic way of life could do much to implant this idea in their students, with some not-too-conspicuous outside help and supervision.

I should, however, be unfair to Lord Vansittart if I conveyed the impression that he is not hard-bitten about the German war mentality. He hates that mentality and is determined it must be eradicated in one way or another. He, himself, was mistaken in his estimate of German mentality and German purposes during his long service in the Foreign Office. He probably feels some blame for not having foreseen the inevitable result of the Hitler regime. Now he is bitterly determined that neither he nor his countrymen shall be fooled again.

Food in London Restaurants

The meal I enjoyed least in London was breakfast. And the one which gave me the most pleasure was high tea. The early morning meal was one succession of disappointments. When you eagerly ordered an omelet, it would always turn out to be an omelet made with egg powder. I was not in Europe long enough to accept that particular mixture with any delight. Perhaps after you haven't had eggs for six months or a year a powdered-egg omelet would taste all right. I never reached that state.

Because of my late broadcasts I did not get up early enough to catch a kipper on those rare occasions when kipper was on

the menu. Whenever a really good dish was listed on the hotel menu you had to be among those who took their meal very early to get any of it. The coffee was fair. In England it is never more than that. The breakfast tea was just as good as ever. There was very little sugar and a tiny pat of butter. The rolls and jam were excellent. Of course, no one expected ham or fresh eggs or cereal with cream. And there wasn't enough milk or sugar to make the available warm cereals very attractive.

High tea, which the hotel would send up to your room between five and seven, was by contrast an unexpected delight. There were the nicest kinds of sandwiches spread with a variety of cheese pastes and jellies and some most palatable cookies. Anyone who tries to economize in England can get more for his money at high tea than at any other meal.

When dinners were generally good they were expensive. At the first-class restaurants, where you usually had to have some influence to get a table, the meals were excellent. Enough luxury foods are not rationed so that anyone who can afford to pay three dollars or more for a meal can eat well. But many of the small taverns served substantial and palatable meals for from two to three shillings, which means for from forty to sixty cents. On the whole, food conditions were much better than on my previous visit to the British Isles several years ago.

British Opinion on Greece

I was in England at the height of the *Elas* troubles in Greece. British troops were fighting the *Elas* troops of the Greek Forces of Resistance in the streets of Athens and there were heavy casualties on both sides. Everyone in England deplored the situation. There was bitter debate about it in the House of Commons. I attended one of those discussions. Labor members and others attacked the government for its failure to work out a

compromise and for not cooperating with the United States and Russia in dealing with the Greek situation. The British government replied that it had made every effort toward compromise without success, that the EAM Party—the *Elas* troops are the military forces of this Party—had definitely agreed to participate in the Papandreou Government but had broken their word, that they had decided to seize key points in Athens and to organize a one-party government of their own. Since the British government had undertaken, with the full consent and knowledge of both Russia and the United States, to restore order in Greece, it was its duty to persist in that effort.

Neither the Labor Party members nor the British public was completely satisfied with this explanation. The fundamental fact was that the same British soldiers and the same Greek underground forces who had worked together to drive the Germans out of Greece were now fighting one another. Britain had already sustained forty thousand casualties in her previous effort to set Greece free. It was tragic that she should now sustain more casualties in fighting Greek citizens. The government authorities themselves were deeply disturbed by the situation and while Prime Minister Churchill tried to carry the matter off in his most vigorous debating style, his Foreign Minister, Anthony Eden, was much more circumspect. It was his calm, historic analysis of the situation and his persuasive appeal for support of the government in an unpopular but necessary course which finally won the backing of the House of Commons.

The Eden-Churchill Team

Eden and Churchill make a superb parliamentary team. The older man is the aggressive fighter who makes no concessions to his opponents and whose skill and courage help him to bulldoze his way through difficult situations. The younger Eden

has much more charm of manner, a far larger measure of patience, and knows how to make concessions to his opponents the better to persuade them. That is why, although it is customary for the Prime Minister to speak last, Eden had the last word during the Greek debate. The effect thus created was advantageous to the government's cause.

There is a growing belief that Anthony Eden is the inevitable successor to Churchill if another Conservative government or one of national union comes to power. Churchill always likes to have Eden with him when he goes on foreign trips. I remember at the first Quebec Conference, when everyone was gathered for the final press interview, how disturbed Prime Minister Churchill appeared to be because Eden did not seem to be present. He was in a corner out of sight. "Where's Anthony?" the Prime Minister called a bit sharply. I was standing next to Mr. Churchill and noticed his look of pleasure when told that "Anthony" was there. But I was not at all sure that Anthony Eden would repeat as Prime Minister the success he has achieved as Foreign Minister under Churchill.

Disarming of Resistance Forces

Because of the importance of the Greek situation, I discussed it again with George Hall, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of the British Foreign Office. In the course of our talk about the European situation, he insisted repeatedly that there could be neither peace nor order in Allied or enemy countries until all guerrilla forces belonging to no matter what faction were completely disarmed. He holds that no government can expect to maintain power while it tolerates the continued presence in the country of an armed force over which it has no control.

My own experience in Europe leads me to agree with this contention. For a while it was nip and tuck in France as to whether

the French Forces of the Interior would surrender their arms. The situation there was saved by the prestige, firmness, and tact of General de Gaulle. He was strong enough to persuade even the French Communists to go along. They have, at least, pretended to surrender their arms. In Belgium the Pierlot government was much weaker from the time it began to function. Like the Papandreou Government in Greece, it had been brought in from the outside after the Germans were driven out. It was announced as a stop-gap government. Pierlot had included several of the Resistance parties and their leaders in the Cabinet, but they were not completely satisfied. There, too, the crisis came when the government insisted on the surrender of all arms. The judicious offstage cooperation of Allied military power checked insurrection before it could get well started. A combination of luck and good management held bloodshed to a minimum. Then, the sober sense of the Belgian people reacted against the attempted violence and came to the aid of the Belgian government. That more than offset any weakness caused by the refusal of the Communist Party to continue its cooperation in the Cabinet. If I were a European premier I should much rather have my Communist brethren howl at me from without than bore at me from within.

In Greece, the Resistance Movement had agreed to surrender its arms and accept places in the Cabinet of the legally established government. Then the *Elas* forces claimed that the agreement had been violated and withdrew. Riots began in various parts of Athens and it soon became apparent that this was an attempt to use force to oust one government and set up another. The British intervened to restore order but the task proved much more difficult than they had anticipated. There is no doubt of two things: the *Elas* forces do represent a strong minority in Greece and they are led by Communists who know how to

organize sabotage and revolution. Greece has lived under a succession of dictators. Bullets have often supplemented or displaced ballots. Anyone who expects normal democratic government to function in present-day Greece expects the impossible. It will be difficult to make such a government function even in those countries which look back on a long history of democratic experience. In Balkan countries and even in Italy it will be many years before normalcy is re-established. And that normalcy may not be democratic by our standards. But let us not, like the Communists, designate as Fascist governments all those which digress from the Party line.

Perhaps the chief fault of the British in connection with the Greek dilemma is that they permitted themselves to be put into a position where their military forces accepted the sole responsibility for restoring order. This gave both Russia and the United States the opportunity to keep out of a decidedly awkward situation. Both countries were quick to take advantage of that opportunity and to leave the British to shoulder sole responsibility for the unhappy succession of events in Greece.

Similar situations are likely to develop elsewhere. Does anyone suppose that the Soviet Union would use persuasion instead of bullets if some political party in Yugoslavia decided that it didn't want Marshal Tito to run the country? Fortunately there is now Allied agreement about Allied intervention in liberated areas. Without this we might well have had a succession of Greek incidents. The European Advisory Commission in London, which was supposed to deal with current affairs in occupied countries, has failed to function. The Crimean Conference provided for regular meetings of the Foreign Ministers of Britain, Russia and the United States. This should be helpful in disposing of problems before they become acute. If armed intervention by one power in the affairs of another becomes

essential, the approval of the other Allied powers must be sought at once. We have accepted that restriction in the New World. Russia and Britain have now accepted it in the Old. Europe now faces wartime and postwar insurrections of one kind or another. Unless we create a more adequate Allied technique for dealing jointly with such disorders, we are in for a lot of unhappy quarrels among the forces that are winning the war.

The Eighth Air Force

My last full day in England was spent as the guest of the Eighth Air Force. General Doolittle, its able commander, invited me to his headquarters at a point outside London. In General Doolittle I came to know one of our outstanding war-created leaders. He is a combination of dynamic personality, controlled imagination, and capacity for leadership. He gave orders to have me shown everything I wished to see. I had visited various aviation control centers but the only one to rival this one in completeness was located at the Panama Canal. Even my inexperienced eye was able to detect many points of superiority in the Doolittle set-up. Some of these had been developed during the twenty months that elapsed between my visits to the two places.

Aviation seems to move forward more rapidly than any other branch of military art. One probable reason is the relative youth of the men who head our aviation units. When I lunched with General Doolittle and his staff I noted that generals, colonels, and majors, appeared to be at least five years younger than any similar group representing the ground forces. They were all keen young men, vitally interested in their work and delighted to talk shop. In that respect, they reminded me of the law students with whom I used to take my meals at Harvard University. They could think and talk of nothing but the law.

Aviation resembles the law in that it is always in process of development and each week there is something new to talk about.

For several hours that day I followed the Eighth Air Force method of working out a two-thousand-plane raid. I learned how it is planned, organized, briefed, controlled, and carried out. To collect the material required to plan a raid on Germany is something that has taken years. I was astounded to find how much we know about every German city and the war plants it contains. In the Eighth Air Force reference department you can find under the name of almost any town in Europe maps, sketches, architectural plans, and a whole series of wonderful photographs to tell you exactly what aviators who intend to raid that town would want to know. On the assumption that the enemy knows as much about us as we know about him, 90 per cent of military secrecy would seem to be a waste of time. All this material is, of course, immensely valuable in briefing a raid. Briefing is the process of preparing the participants for a particular mission. They naturally pay the closest attention to what they are told since their lives depend on understanding certain things correctly. Yet the whole process has become such a matter of routine it is hard to believe that from one to three per cent of these magnificent young Americans who act like eager students at a college lecture are unlikely to return from tomorrow's flight over enemy country.

Throughout my day with the Eighth Air Force I was unable to get rid of the feeling that death was hovering near-by. At a place deep underground I watched the mapped progress of a raid; everything that happened was instantly recorded on a huge chart both as to time and place. I could see how the fighters and bombers, starting at different times from different places, had kept a rendezvous hundreds of miles away over Germany

within one minute of the appointed time. A steady stream of reports comes in from every squadron leader so that the watchers buried in a hillside in the heart of England have instant and continuous contact with the lonely pilot and his crew who have just dropped their bombs over an industrial target in the heart of Germany. The brain center of an air raid is an astounding revelation of man's genius and of the strange uses to which that genius has been put.

Where Every Second Counts

In aviation, time seems to be of the essence and there are innumerable inventions for the saving of time. I saw one telephone exchange where the most important messages are received. In order to save a few seconds or even the fraction of a second in the receipt of a call, the switchboard has been duplicated. I am not permitted to reveal how many times. Each board is exactly alike but since the intelligent young woman answering one call might not be instantly available to answer a second, each one in a long row is supposed to answer every call. Thus the one least busy responds instantaneously. It has actually been proved that this saves an average of between two and three seconds on each call and that is enough to justify the manifold duplication of facilities. That sort of thing in different form was repeated in many places. I was shown a central radio engineering set-up which would suffice for one of our big networks. Our military forces never use radio where the much more secret telephone can operate, but in aviation radio must do most of the work. There is another room with marvelous teletype installations. There are automatic instruments to put messages into code before transmission and others to decode messages before they are typed.

Reverse Lend-lease

Scores of the most important positions in this underground aviation set-up are held by young British women who have the lives of our young aviators in their experienced hands. I was told that they serve with the utmost devotion. I wish our government could give some recognition to the many thousands of British women whom we have withdrawn from service to their own country because we refused to ask our own people to do universal military service. I felt a little ashamed that we had to call on the overtaxed womanpower of Britain because too many of our own young women preferred lives of luxury to serving their country.

Weather Service

The weather service is a fascinating part of any aviation set-up. It is constantly improving and has now reached the point where our losses due to unpredicted weather have reached the vanishing point. Our weather men are almost uncanny in their ability to foretell what clouds, temperatures, fogs, and winds will be encountered at points hundreds and thousands of miles away twenty-four hours and longer after they make their predictions. I asked the Eighth Air Force man what kind of weather I should have for my flight the next day from London to Scotland and from there across the Atlantic.

"Your chief trouble," he said, "will be in getting from London to Scotland. You will be all right across the Atlantic to New York." I smiled a little because I had been assured that I should be taken up to Scotland immediately after my broadcast. The next day I found that the Eighth Air Force man's prediction was exactly right. I was held up sixteen hours in getting away

from London but made the Atlantic hop without a wait anywhere.

It is the weather prediction that determines the operational flights of the Eighth Air Force for the following day. It depends on the weather where the planes will go or if they go at all. The routes they take and the time they start are also determined by weather conditions. Of course, the weather is closely watched from the moment a given operation is determined. Sometimes a flight is called off a few minutes before the time set for its beginning and sometimes planes are recalled after they have started out.

There is a huge scoreboard at headquarters which tells just how many flights have been made and how many planes have been lost in each operation. The total of losses on such an unending succession of one-thousand- and two-thousand-plane flights is naturally very large. Almost the only consolation is that approximately fifty per cent of the bomber crews who fail to return are later reported as prisoners of war.

What the Air Force Has Done

When the full story can be told in word and picture we shall know for the first time what a major contribution the Eighth Air Force has made to Allied victory. We did overestimate what aviation could do when we expected that a succession of one-thousand-plane raids could totally destroy German industry. This has not happened. Because it did not happen there was, for a time, a tendency to underestimate what our bombers actually accomplished. Airmen tell me that they acquired the habit of emphasizing what they could do during the years when they were fighting the Brass Hats to get their chance.

During my stay in Europe I spent considerable time with the men who were directing our air efforts. In many instances I was

able to see with my own eyes the valuable military results of effective bombing. To get a balanced picture of just what aviation has or has not done we might ask ourselves just what it intended to accomplish during the last six months of 1944. During that time our flyers had four main objectives: the first, and the one of most immediate importance, was to knock out the German air force so that it could not interfere successfully with our invasion of France. That objective was completely accomplished. The Luftwaffe did not interfere and as a result we made our Normandy landings with a minimum of casualties.

Our second objective was to prevent the German bombers from punishing our forces as they advanced across France. Everyone remembers what the German dive bombers did to the French army during the invasion of France in 1940. There was practically no interference by German bombers throughout our progress to the Siegfried Line; so that second objective was also fully accomplished.

Our third purpose was to handicap all enemy communications. These were to be destroyed so as to block German retreat without at the same time preventing our advance. That objective was only partly accomplished. We destroyed communications throughout that part of France across which we chased the Germans but we were not similarly successful in destroying those communications just back of the German frontier by which the German army was supplied. The Germans had developed an amazing facility in the repair of road and railroad damage at high speed. Both in industry and transport they have succeeded in quickly recreating what we thought we had completely destroyed.

Many amateur observers of our war effort have failed to give our aviation sufficient credit for the complete accomplishment of its first two objectives and the partial accomplishment of the

third. They are apt to forget these and remember only our failure to destroy German industry. That was our fourth objective. It has been accomplished to a smaller degree than the other three. We know that innumerable war plants have been knocked out, some have been rebuilt, others have been transferred. Many of the most important have been put underground where we cannot get at them. My guess is that we shall be surprised at the number we find underground once we get deep into Germany. Due to the wide distribution of parts manufacture and due also to underground facilities, the Germans were still able to turn out one thousand planes a month at the beginning of 1945. This in addition to vast quantities of other war material.

But because of the continued efforts of our bombers they were no longer able, in 1945, to mount any kind of an aerial offensive. Loss of territory and our concentration against Germany's synthetic oil plants cost her three-fourths of her total oil supply. This materially reduced the fighting efficiency of the German army.

Decline of the German Air Force

Always prolific with inventions to overcome military difficulties the Germans created their new jet fighters, but the much-crippled German war industry was able to produce them only in small numbers. Our aviators who have met them in combat tell me that their high speed is a handicap as well as a help. They are dangerous to our bombers but our flyers have also developed new tactics to deal with them. We shall soon have plenty of jet planes of our own at the fighting front.

German pilots have shown a steady deterioration in quality. Many of them were put into combat before they were properly trained. As a result most of them are no match for well-trained

American pilots. General Doolittle told me that in combat we are knocking down six German planes for one we lose.

Whereas early in the war most of our plane losses arose from enemy fighter-plane attack, most are now due to enemy flak. Around all important remaining installations the Germans have placed the anti-aircraft guns which used to protect bombed plants that they have abandoned. There has been a great increase in the density and accuracy of German anti-aircraft fire.

Radar—Word of Mystery

For a long time radar was so deep a secret that we could not even use the word. Radar developments have come at a more rapid rate than anyone supposed possible a little while ago. German and Allied scientists have waged an unending war in the perfection of new devices to offset the new devices installed by the enemy. Every few months someone develops something to make everything else out of date. This holds true for both war in the air and submarine war. When the war is over our inventors will receive much public credit for their radar accomplishments. For the moment they have to be satisfied with the excellent reports coming in on the results they have achieved.

One way to get a sense of what science has done to help man destroy is to have a fighter pilot show you some of the pictures taken automatically from his plane while he dives toward his objective. It is a dizzy experience. Colonel Schilling, one of our best combat aces on the Western Front, showed me some of the colored movies he has made of aerial combat. The Navy shows some similar pictures in the magnificent film "The Fighting Lady." They reveal much more clearly than black and white pictures the exact character of the hits scored on enemy objectives. The camera is synchronized with the machine guns so that the pictures are taken automatically when the guns are

fired. Watching pictures like this gives you some slight idea of what it takes to be a fighter pilot. Airmen constantly debate what qualities such a pilot needs most. They all agree that remarkably good eyesight, quick reaction time, and courageous initiative are among the most important. Flying ability is, of course, essential, but the other qualities seem to count for more. In any case the combination of all the qualities which make a great fighter pilot is not common. Five per cent of our fighter pilots shoot down eighty per cent of the enemy aircraft destroyed in combat.

Starting for Home

Air transportation home from Europe is even harder to get than air transportation to Europe. A large proportion of our wounded men now have the happy opportunity of being brought home comfortably in a few hours' flight. Other thousands of our air fighters come home on leave by plane after testing their strength to the limit on combat missions.

Our air forces watch very closely the men who go out after the enemy. As soon as they show signs of fatigue they are sent to one of the many excellent rest camps which the Red Cross operates for the air forces. Or they are sent home on leave and to be reassigned. Many men from ground units are also being returned home by air for one reason or another. With so many million men overseas the number coming back at any time is bound to be large. But the number of returning planes and ships is also large so that those who are entitled to any kind of priority do not have to wait long.

My particular problem was to complete a broadcast from London at 1 A.M. on Saturday and to do the next broadcast from New York City at 7:45 P.M. on Monday. With reasonably good luck in the weather this would allow plenty of time, but twenty-

three years of broadcasting has taught me that the best way to be sure of the next broadcast is to get to the place where it is to be made at the earliest possible moment. So I had arranged to catch a night plane leaving London for Scotland around 2 A.M. The officer who had agreed to drive me to the airport was waiting when I emerged from the deep recesses of the British Broadcasting Corporation's underground studios. He shook his head and told me that the weather was preventing a night take-off from London. He would telephone me at my hotel early in the morning to let me know how matters stood. I recalled what the Eighth Air Force weather man had told me: "You will have more trouble getting from London to Scotland than from Scotland to New York."

The next morning word came that there was not a chance of flying from London before noon. So I took a little more sleep and then had two hours left for my last shopping trip in Europe. My baggage already totalled sixty-three pounds so I had only two pounds' leeway. Since all articles of clothing bought in Britain require coupons it soon came down to the selection of an old book, a few old prints, and a choice piece of Georgian silver. After Rome and Paris, London did not offer much in the way of interesting jewelry. Prices were high. In wartime many people buy antiques of one kind or another feeling that these will retain their value better than money. So the price of all antiques has gone up. All over Europe people prefer goods to paper money. On the Continent they remember too well what happened after the last war. Even in Britain they seem to feel that prices are more apt to go up than to go down.

Delayed by Weather

At noon my officer friend called me again and said it was practically certain no plane would leave London that day. I

might call him at four in the afternoon, he said, but he had already reserved a place for me on the night express to Scotland. This would enable me to catch a plane from Prestwick, Scotland, on Sunday morning, and still reach New York in good time for my Monday broadcast. After a quick lunch I caught one of the rare taxis that stopped in front of my hotel and drove to the Westminster Theater. I had chosen a play inspired by a popular British quiz program, and advertised as a "masterpiece of comic and intellectual fun." It was by James Bridie and was called *It Depends What You Mean*.

The first act was moving along merrily when I felt the touch of a hand on my shoulder. I glanced around and a very respectable-looking lady, who had slid into the seat next to mine, whispered: "Are you Mr. Kaltenborn?" I uttered an astonished "Yes." Thereupon she asked me to step out into the vestibule. I did so.

She told me a message had just come from a United States major that my plane for New York was about to leave. She seemed as astounded by the call as I was. It was all, she explained, most unusual. At first she had refused to disturb me but the major had persisted. The officer described my appearance and since she had remembered selling me the single ticket, she was able to locate my seat. But the mystery was how my officer friend, who did not know where I was going, had been able to find me. It turned out that the same hotel porter who answered the telephone when the officer called my hotel, had chanced to hear me tell the taxi driver the name of the theater.

Off for Scotland

By the time I was back at Claridge's an army car was waiting to take me to the airport. In little more than an hour I was aboard one of the faithful C-47 transport planes and in bright

sunshine we winged our way to Scotland, getting there after dark. My plane to New York was to go out at midnight, but again weather intervened. It was noon the next day before I was off in the big four-engined C-54 which was to carry me home. In the meantime, I had had a good night's rest and two excellent meals at the air transport hotel. The combination of fresh food from Scottish farms and generous army rations made my dinners at Claridge's in London seem very second-rate.

It was much colder in Scotland than in London and I marvelled at the amount of heat produced by a little electric stove consisting of only one square foot of glowing wires. I reflected that it must be a new type developed for military use. Like many other wartime inventions civilians may enjoy it when the war is over.

Luncheon in Scotland—Dinner in Iceland

On this particular Sunday I lunched in Scotland and arrived in Iceland in time for early dinner. The winter climate there is moist and chilly but not particularly cold. It is an unpleasant climate, and there is very little daylight. But the solidly constructed Nissen huts, which house our forces, have a cheery interior and are well-equipped. A number of them are locked together and they seem to wander off in a variety of directions just like a game of dominoes. In the central headquarters there are all kinds of offices, restaurants, hallways, washrooms, and assembly rooms. All of them are rectangular and not very large, but they cover a considerable area.

My first and only dinner in Iceland proved a great treat, for it included steak and, would you believe it, real American ice cream served in generous army portions. We changed crews in Iceland and moved on after only a two-hour stop. The air-

field at which I landed is some little distance from Reykjavik so I couldn't interview Iceland's dignitaries. But I was happy to learn that negotiations have been completed with the now independent Government of Iceland which give the United States airlines special privileges in Iceland. The airfields there will always be important to trans-Atlantic air travel.

Sitting upright on the aluminum bench which is called a bucket seat is not a particularly comfortable way to spend a night. But on my homeward-bound plane all the floor space was occupied by tired soldiers who needed rest more than I did.

From my lunch in Scotland and my early dinner in Iceland, the same plane carried me to an early breakfast in Newfoundland and a late breakfast in New York. This is now happening to thousands of individuals day after day. Although I have flown the oceans many times, I never lose my sense of wonder at a trans-ocean flight. My own first Atlantic crossing by ship was made as a cattle hand in 1900. It required two weeks. Now scores of planes make the crossing hour after hour in little more than a day or a night.

In six years of ocean flights I have seen vast changes in the comfort and speed of this journey. The development of aviation has been one of the constructive contributions of the war. Our Army Air Transport Command has created, from a very small beginning only a few years ago, an enormous world-wide freight and passenger service, which is setting new standards with every passing month. Except in emergency cases, where war demands make risks imperative, the Air Transport Command applies the same safety rules as the commercial airlines. It uses hundreds of pilots who learned their trade while flying our domestic airlines. It is these pilots and the domestic airlines executives, now in military service, who have set and enforced

the safety standards which enable our Army Air Transport Command to maintain a truly remarkable safety record.

Each time I cross the ocean I notice many improvements in service and general efficiency. For one thing the weather reports are constantly becoming more complete and more reliable. Many more airports are now available on all the trans-ocean routes, so that it is possible to take advantage of favorable winds. Engine failure as a reason for accidents is becoming more and more rare. A four-engined plane, even if two engines go out, can still fly. I have become convinced that when the war is over air travel will develop so rapidly that every plane which has been built for transport and not for combat and every transport pilot will find peace-time employment. The air age is upon us, but it took a war to make us realize it.

A One World Symbol

Several hours before we reached Newfoundland, the captain of the plane sent back word that he had something to show me. It was very early in the morning. We were flying through a brilliantly clear winter night. Our plane was thundering along between Iceland and Greenland at two hundred miles an hour, some nine thousand feet above the surface of the North Atlantic. The plane pilot asked me to climb the navigator's ladder to his little plexi-glass cupola. This prize point of observation is the place where the navigator goes every hour to get his fix on the stars which tells him exactly where he is.

As I looked up at the night sky I saw overhead the brightest Northern Lights anyone could imagine. A gleaming, quivering river of shimmering white light extended across the heavens from the horizon in the east to the horizon in the west. It flashed upon me that here, in the middle of the North Atlantic, nature had created a shining symbol of the union of the two

worlds, the Old and the New, Europe and America. And in a very real sense the high-speed modern airplane, from which I saw this revelation of nature's grandeur, was man's equally significant symbol of that same close relation between the two worlds, the Old and the New.

8

SUMMING UP

New Conflicts Loom in Europe

EUROPE, in the early part of 1945, is about as unstable and uncertain of the future as at any time in its long history. The peace that will come before the year is out will be only an armistice. While it will end the larger conflict of arms between Germany and the Allied Powers, it will also release long-pent-up antagonisms. The moment wartime restraints are removed social conflicts will assume larger importance. Living conditions will continue to be difficult, black markets will flourish, Communist agitation will thrive, reaction will develop.

Europe will go on paying for the war, no longer in a daily toll of killed and wounded, but in undernourishment, crime, disease and the sharp struggles which result from justifiable social discontent. We shall be tempted to forget that we are paying the inevitable price of war and to blame individual groups and leaders for situations which they have not produced and which they will not always be able to control.

There will be many demagogues in every country ready to exploit popular discontent. It is because the Communists are more experienced and skillful in this exploitation that their role in postwar Europe will be far greater than would seem warranted by their actual numbers. Their skillful and vigorous support of the Resistance Movement in such countries as Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, France and Belgium also give them a well-

founded claim to a much larger measure of political authority than they had before the war.

The Communists never constituted more than a small minority of the membership in any pre-war European Parliament. They had seventy-two seats out of six hundred and eighteen in the French Chamber of Deputies, nine out of two hundred seats in the Belgian Lower House, fifteen out of three hundred seats in the Greek Parliament. In Italy, they were obliged to work underground throughout the two decades of Mussolini's dictatorship. I have quoted Colonel Charles Poletti, Allied Military Governor of the Rome area, who paid the Italian Communists the compliment of saying that they were the best-organized and best-disciplined Italian political group with which he had any dealings.

It is unfortunate that most Communist leaders are more loyal to Soviet Russia than to their own countries. They have worshipped the merits of Communist government at a distance but have experienced the defects of their own government at first-hand. Because Russia tolerates no criticism and because Europe's democracies thrive on it, the best-intentioned Communist has no way of comparing the admitted defects of a democratic state with the concealed defects of the Communist state. Many Communists and most Socialists who have visited the Soviet Union come away disillusioned, because the conditions of life are so much worse there than they had supposed. Capitalists, on the other hand, often come away from Russia impressed, because the Communist state is a more efficient production machine than they had expected to find. My own visits to the Soviet Union began in the middle 'twenties and continued for a decade. I was convinced of Russia's military power after visiting her great industrial plants along the Volga, in the Urals and in the far interior of Siberia. That is why on the day Hitler

invaded Russia I predicted successful Russian resistance when most military experts predicted the complete defeat of Russia before the year was out.

I was also impressed by the genuine enthusiasm of Russia's peasants and workers for the new regime. As far back as 1926 I realized that the Moscow government was firmly established and should be formally recognized. I was promptly stigmatized as one infected with the Red disease and various attempts were made to get me off the air. Now, because I recognize the danger to every country in the existence of a well-disciplined political party which has no loyalty to the institutions of any government except to those of the Soviet Union, I am grouped with the Fascists and reactionaries who are seeking to resurrect the kings and dictators of a bygone era.

Perhaps my first-hand contact with the explosive political situations in present-day Europe has made me too apprehensive concerning the Communist danger. But I cannot forget the Hitler-Stalin deal of 1939 which helped bring the war. I cannot forget that Europe's and America's Communists supported the war against Nazism only after Hitler had invaded Russia in 1941. Until then they had opposed the war as a Fascist-Imperialist enterprise. I am definitely apprehensive concerning a possible misuse by Russia of the enormous power which she has earned by her magnificent military achievements. We may not agree with that school of historian-philosophers which asserts that war is the only true test of a nation's greatness, and that only the supreme challenge which comes in war reveals a nation's spirit and inherent power. But we cannot deny that war has proved the right of Stalin's government to speak for the Russian people with a voice of authority that will not be denied. Like it or not, we confront a fact. Let us accept it and draw proper conclusions from it.

In both the British Isles and the United States there are many soft-headed liberals who play directly into Russia's hands at their own country's expense. They have nothing to say in criticism of Stalin's completely ruthless and realistic policy in every country invaded by his armies, but they cry out against the Churchill Government's necessary effort to restore order in Greece. No one in the British Government with whom I talked failed to deplore what went on in Greece. Backing the Papandreou Government may have been a mistake. But as between the multi-party Papandreou Cabinet and the one dominated by the Communist leaders of the *Elas*, I should have preferred Papandreou. It is probably true that Prime Minister Churchill would welcome the return of King George to the Greek throne. He is friendly to Britain whereas an *Elas*-dominated government would have been friendly to Russia. Yet Churchill would have abided by the decision of a fairly conducted plebiscite. Has anyone heard of Stalin supporting the solution of the Polish or any other problem by a fairly conducted plebiscite? Even if Stalin were reasonably sure of winning a Polish plebiscite, he would expect it to be organized, not as a free choice, but as a process of ratification.

No Normalcy for Europe

We can hardly expect normal democratic processes to function successfully in war-torn Europe. Of all the invaded countries France is the most fortunate. She has no king and no government-in-exile waiting to resume their political careers where these had been interrupted by the war. The French middle class was reduced but not entirely wiped out. The French farmer did fairly well during the occupation and even managed to save towards the day when he could again purchase breeding stock and agricultural machinery. He sold some

of his produce to the Germans and as much as possible to French black market operators. So far as he was concerned the black market was both profitable and patriotic. Now that the black market is no longer patriotic but still profitable, there are some French farmers who are still willing to do business with it. Only time and vigorous action by strong governments can dominate the black market habits and practices which were established during four years of enemy occupation.

French small business, which still dominates French economy, also did fairly well under the Germans. There was plenty of money in circulation. Prices went up as merchandise became more scarce but, except in a few lines, it was possible to carry on. Most factory owners and wholesalers had to collaborate with the Germans or go out of business. One of them explained to me that it was a choice between closing up and seeing his workers carried off to Germany, or letting them make things at the lowest possible rate of production at home.

Put it that way and you can justify collaboration. Among the sixty thousand collaborationists arrested in France, and an equal number arrested in Belgium, the majority were no better and no worse than just as many others who escaped arrest. Communists all over Europe have known how to use the purge to help accomplish their political objective—the elimination of the property-owning class from all positions of authority in business or politics. In every European country it is the Communist press which cries most stridently for the immediate punishment of all collaborators. It is the middle-of-the-road Resistance press, as represented by *Figaro* in Paris, that urges restraint.

The degree of collaboration depended almost entirely on the position occupied by the collaborator. No one thinks any the worse of a Frenchman who continued to operate a public utility or to practice his trade under German occupation. But a pro-

fessional man or big businessman who did not resist German pressure at once became known as a collaborator. That is why there are so few workmen and so many intellectuals, so few small tradesmen and so many business executives awaiting trial for collaboration. Americans fail to understand how large a part personal and political enmity has played in determining who should be arrested for collaboration.

How Long de Gaulle?

How long will General de Gaulle be able to maintain the political unity of the French Resistance Movement? He has had remarkable success so far, due largely to the help he has received from all the Allied Powers. His greatest success was the recreation of the Russo-French Alliance. That assured him, at least for a time, the continued support of the Communists, who are never at ease in any coalition government. The early visit paid to Free France by Winston Churchill helped de Gaulle's personal prestige. The American decision to provide arms and equipment for an additional half million French soldiers was welcomed by all Frenchmen.

The delay in freeing ports of western France from German control has proved a grave economic handicap. It aggravated the food and fuel shortage during the winter of 1944-45. This was partly offset by the promise of the United States to provide large quantities of raw materials for French industry. There was also immediate practical help in giving important war orders to French plants for truck tires and cotton textiles.

But it would be unfair to deny to General de Gaulle himself a large share of the credit for the successful conduct of French affairs during the difficult months that followed the first delirious days of freedom. He became almost at once the universally accepted symbol of French resistance and renewed French

independence. He struck out with vigorous demands in behalf of France which the somewhat astonished Allies felt unable to grant. For sensitive Frenchmen, who had begun to be doubtful about the place of France in the postwar world, this assertion of nationalist demands was a stimulating spiritual elixir. It did not always help to endear France or her leader to the exasperated Allies.

At the same time de Gaulle pleased the Socialists and Communists by announcing nationalization of the coal mines and of the banking system. The details are not yet worked out but here is a beginning of government ownership of the means of production. It does not mean that General de Gaulle is a Socialist. But he believes that centralized control can solve certain economic problems where private initiative has failed. No one can maintain that capitalism has given a brilliant performance in the operation of coal mines in France, Britain, or the United States.

It was easier for de Gaulle to make gestures toward the Left than it would have been to make them toward the Right. Early in 1945 the control of the central Paris government had not been completely reestablished throughout southern and southwestern France, where radical forces were still dominant.

The Resistance Forces of the Left—notably the *Franc-Tireurs Partisans*—have established numerous Communist mayors in southwestern France. These have shown little interest in defending the rights of property owners. There have been many high-handed actions. The confiscation of private property, which was an established routine during the months when the Germans were being driven out, still continues here and there. Allowances must be made for disturbed conditions in the wake of occupation and the absence of regular communication between Paris and some of the more distant departments of the

southwest. As bridges are being rebuilt, road and rail traffic restored, the authority of the central government will reassert itself. The essential thing is that things are getting better. The de Gaulle policy of reinstating the largest possible number of provincial and municipal officials dismissed by the Germans, has put experienced administrators in many of the most important positions. In Alsace, for example, out of sixty-one communal officials appointed in January, 1945, thirty had occupied similar positions before the Germans threw them out.

There is courage and vigor in General de Gaulle's new government which is of good omen. It represents the Resistance Movement and is therefore entitled to speak for the new France. The necessary political rejuvenation has been achieved. When France fell, it was easy for the faint of heart to believe that this marked the end of France as a great power. But already France has risen to new life. Her fertile soil is intact, her rich colonies remain, most of her cities are unmarred, her communications are being restored, and her industry is reviving. She has been readmitted as an equal in the councils of the great powers. Soon Europe's problems will no longer be settled by the Big Three but by the Big Four. General de Gaulle will continue to be temperamental and difficult. We can only hope that he will not go too far for the good of France. He will ask more for France than can be granted. But, if we will remember that France is still weak and unstable because of her recent illness, we can be more patient in listening to extravagant demands. France has given the world so much that we can all afford to be generous in responding to her present needs.

Britain—Democracy's Best Hope

As for the British, they are still the best hope for a democratic world in Europe. In the postwar years the United States

will possess more material power and more potential political power than the United Kingdom. But we are inexperienced in the use of power and influence to achieve political objectives. Our own public opinion, as reflected in the press, in Congress, and on the air, often handicaps our government in making the right decisions. For nearly a quarter of a century after World War I we were so afraid of war that we did many things which helped to make war inevitable. Fear is always a poor counselor. When we pulled out of Europe after 1918 and left the French and British to organize the peace and reconstruct Europe without our aid, we made the cardinal mistake that helped bring on World War II. It caused the French to invade the Ruhr. As a result, German currency collapsed and during the ensuing economic debacle Hitler and his party got their start. A little later the British turned back to Germany for a naval agreement and began the unhappy policy of appeasement climaxed at Munich in 1938.

It remained for the tragedy of Dunkirk, in 1940, to bring the British whole-heartedly into a war for survival. From that time on the British spirit has been magnificent. The half-decade that followed is among the most glorious in British history. Until the tide turned at Stalingrad and El Alamein, the British faced the triumphant Nazi war machine almost, though not quite, alone. Russia had always been a potential ally and American lend-lease saved the day on war supplies and in the close battle against the submarine. When I saw Britain again at the end of 1944 her people were tired after five years of war. But her economy had stood the test. Her head was "bloody but unbowed," and with undaunted courage she faced the new test of buzz-bombs and the terrible V-2. Her people had believed that with the disappearance of the German air blitz, the days and nights of direct attack were over. It was all the more diffi-

cult to stand up to this new trial in the closing months of the war. British spirit and the British sense of humor met the test. It was good to see how a great people can come down the home stretch after an exhausting war.

Unhappy Italy

Italy is the unhappiest part of my story. She was an enemy nation against her will and now she is still an occupied nation. The Germans continued to rule and exploit her industry as well as her only prosperous and well-developed areas through 1944 and into 1945. And the fear of every Italian leader with whom I talked was that the Germans would impoverish Italy for decades by 'destroying the industrial areas of the north before they retreated. If the war ends suddenly this may not happen, but if it does happen, Italy's recovery will be long delayed.

Our occupation of southern Italy has been full of contradictions. We tell the Italians they are no longer foes, yet we do not treat them as friends. We excuse our failure to provide promised relief on the plea that military needs come first. Yet the impartial observer must point out that through most of 1944 we failed to give our armies in Italy enough men and materials to enable them to advance, while at the same time we failed to give the Italians enough economic support to enable them to recover. We signed an armistice with Italy so severe that we did not dare to publish the terms, yet the Italian Navy and part of the Italian Army began to fight on our side after the armistice was signed.

The Place of the Vatican

When Harry Hopkins went to Italy in January, 1945, as President Roosevelt's emissary, he spent as much time with the

Pope as with the head of the Italian Cabinet. That is because, in present-day Italy, the Vatican occupies a position of greater power and independence than the Italian Government. My impression of Pope Pius as a shrewd farsighted statesman, who will play an important part in postwar readjustments, is confirmed by many competent observers. The Vatican is a conservative force in a radical-minded world. As such it will help preserve a much-needed balance. I deplore its support of Franco Spain although I can understand it. As an American who believes in a system of private enterprise which should be able to encourage both production for use and production for profit, I welcome the help of the Vatican in preventing the spread of Communism.

The successful Red Army offensive of 1945 has made Russia the dominating European power. The Soviet Union can, if Stalin's government desires, establish Communist control over a large part of Europe. Russia is already sure to exercise a controlling influence over Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and perhaps Germany and Turkey. I have enough respect left for a modernized balance-of-power doctrine to realize that Europe's more conservative forces, the Vatican, the British Empire, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, can check the spread of Communism only through cooperative action. This need not be anti-Russian action. There is a strong possibility that if Communism ever ceases to be pro-Russian the Stalin government will lose all interest in it. It is still too early to appraise correctly Russia's abolition of the Third International.

After the defeat of Fascism in Italy and National Socialism in Germany, America's interests in Europe will be on the side of those who sense the Communist danger. Our State Depart-

ment would probably agree, but might hesitate to draw necessary conclusions. Our entire foreign policy for the last six months of 1944, when events demanded decisions, was a policy of hesitation. We had an election, which made for caution and delay. We had an able but ailing Secretary of State who justified caution and hesitation on the ground that he had to feel his way. We had a President who wanted to be his own Secretary of State, but did not have time to deal effectively with foreign affairs. That produced further inaction. Then we had a complete reshuffle of the State Department's personnel, which justified still more delays in reaching decisions. But by February, 1945, we seem ready to make some decisions. In that month, Harry Hopkins shocked the State Department by telling newsmen in Rome it was a mistake to assume that American agencies in Europe, military or civilian, have no concern with politics. This is a refreshing admission of error which comes from a man who is close to the President, but not close to the State Department. It is not so long ago that we told our military commanders they must under no circumstances intervene anywhere politically. The only result of that was to prevent us from acting and advising where other European powers did not hesitate to act or advise. That necessarily reduced our influence everywhere, even though many a general felt obliged to violate his orders and use his American common sense.

We have been too fond of meaningless political balance, too apprehensive about telling governments and people what we think. Even when you disagree with Winston Churchill you must admire the vigorous frankness with which he expounds the British viewpoint. Americans will not cooperate with post-war Europe unless the larger decisions are made on democratic lines. We should make that clear at every opportunity. The

smaller powers will be with us; British public opinion will certainly be with us.

The Men Who Fight for Us

My final thoughts go back to those Americans I saw in the frontlines who fought and won the war. I came back from Europe to the only country in the world that was so reckless and improvident as to improve its standard of living while fighting one war across the Atlantic and another war across the Pacific. Perhaps it was magnificent but it was not all-out war. We have supplied billions of dollars' worth of fighting material to our Allies and billions of dollars' worth of luxuries to idlers and profligates at home. When I compare our home sacrifices with those of our Allies I refuse to join the paean of praise for our home front. We have not done enough. Our government has failed to ask us to do enough. After having seen what I have seen of American fighting men in South Pacific jungles, in Italian mountains, floundering in the mud and cold of the Western Front, I feel ashamed when I listen to radio appeals begging Americans to please do this and please do that to help win the war. Each one of us should have been told years ago where and how we were to serve our nation's cause. To exact equality of sacrifice in so far as possible, is the only democratic way of running a war. We go on begging for service which the patriotic are already giving and which the unpatriotic will never give voluntarily.

Most of us should pay more taxes, live more frugally, do more work. Only in that way can we bridge some part of the gulf that now separates us from our fighting men. Then they would feel closer to us and we would feel closer to them. Hard months are still ahead. We can still do more to deserve a good peace. For when the fighting is over the problems of peace will be as

clamorous and difficult as the problems of war. The decade that leads us from war to peace will be filled with violence and revolution. It will be in every way more disturbing than the decade which began with the financial collapse in 1929 and ended in war. I can only hope that we shall try to meet and solve these problems with something of that heroic unselfish devotion which is displayed every hour of every day by the men who fight the war.

EPILOGUE

THE CRIMEA CONFERENCE became history as this book was being finished. This historic meeting of the leaders of Great Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States provided potential solutions for some of the problems described in this book. The solutions are only potential because their practical application will be the real test of their quality.

We have become a little chary about accepting high-sounding declarations at their face value. We like to greet them with enthusiasm, and by our enthusiastic support help translate good intentions into good deeds. Yet one who remembers our past promises to the people of Europe, and who has just seen how poorly some of those promises have been kept, can be forgiven if he wishes to wait and see how the magnificent promises made at Yalta are going to be carried out.

For one thing, France was not represented at the Conference, even though the time had come to transform the Big Three into the Big Four. We are told that it was General de Gaulle's personal idiosyncrasies, his intransigence, his inability to give and take in conference procedure, that prevented him from receiving an invitation.

Every effort was made to be fair to France. She and China are to participate with the Big Three in issuing invitations for the April meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco. The military forces of France will participate in the occupation of Germany, and her military commander will join with the other three in Berlin to supervise Allied military occupation.

The Foreign Minister of France was not asked to participate with the other three in those projected regular meetings which will help prevent current problems from becoming acute before some solution is worked out. We must hope that once these meetings are under way France will share in these scheduled consultations. Her vital interests are involved in almost all the topics that will be discussed.

In an honest effort to make it unnecessary for any power to intervene forcibly in the affairs of any other European power, the Crimean conferees agreed that: "The Three Governments will jointly assist the people in any European liberated State; or former Axis satellite State in Europe, where, in their judgment, conditions require: (a) To establish conditions of internal peace; (b) To carry out emergency measures for the relief of distressed peoples; (c) To form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population, and pledged to the earliest possible establishment, through free elections, of governments responsive to the will of the people; and (d) To facilitate, where necessary, the holding of such elections."

Nothing more could be asked in the way of a declaration. Only time will tell whether the Soviet Union, which is not yet a democracy in our sense of the word, can devote itself to the establishment and maintenance of democracy elsewhere. During the first quarter-century of its existence, the Soviet Union had good reason to fear the other powers of Europe, as well as the United States. Until now it has been unable to overcome this distrust. The Crimean Conference declaration is almost the first positive evidence that a new era in the relations between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world has begun.

In the adjustment of the Polish frontier, Russia won a major victory. Yet there were minor concessions to the British and

American viewpoints. For the first time, Russia receded from a unilateral decision with respect to a neighbor country.

The Yalta conferees decreed a harsh peace for Germany. East Prussia and important parts of Silesia are to go to Poland in compensation for Russia's annexation of all Polish territories east of the Curzon Line. There was no action on the French demand that the Ruhr and Rhineland be set up as an international area. This has become an important point of French official policy. Since the decision to cut up Germany has now been made, this French demand may well receive recognition.

It is now evident that the terms of unconditional surrender to be imposed upon Germany are so harsh that the German people can be counted upon first, to make a final desperate effort to resist them, and secondly, to refuse to accept them. German defeat will therefore have to be complete. Allied occupation and control will also have to continue for a long time. For many years to come the German military potential will not be large. The Germans will therefore turn to diplomacy to achieve their long-sought "place in the sun." Diplomacy is a field in which the Germans have never distinguished themselves. But necessity is a great teacher. There will be enough differences among the now "United Nations" in the years to come to enable German leaders to achieve at least a few minor successes in the field of international relations. If, at any time, the Big Four should drift apart, Germany will be quick to ally herself with one of her great European neighbors. It is easy to say that we must guard against this possibility. History teaches that wartime alliances are transitory. All Europe was astonished when, only a few years after the end of the First World War, Rathenau for Germany, and Chicherin for Russia made their famous agreement at an international conference in Italy which was called for quite a different purpose. At that time

these two powers were drawn together by their common weakness. When Hitler and Stalin made their agreement in 1939, they were drawn together by their common strength. It was fear of Russian strength which led Hitler to attack Russia in June, 1941.

Bismarck pointed out long ago that Russia and Germany are natural allies. One has vast raw materials, the other has great industrial capacity. Together they could rule Europe.

If we wish to be realistic, that fact must be in our minds as we appraise the potential results of the Crimea Conference. It was a beginning in peace-making but only a beginning. It points the way to the solution of many European problems. It prepared for international action where before there was only national action. Above all, it has paved the way for a meeting of all the United Nations, large and small. It is the San Francisco Conference of April, 1945, that must pave the way for the true peace. It is only when the smaller, weaker powers also play their part in organizing the postwar world that a true peace can be established.

Woodrow Wilson once hoped that the League of Nations would be able to overcome the evident mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles. His hope was defeated partly because the United States refused to join. We have the right to hope once more that the United Nations in common counsel can overcome the inevitable mistakes of tomorrow's peacemakers. This time the United States will lend its power and prestige, its detached viewpoint, its optimistic idealism to the good cause. We have the right to believe that our cooperation will bring success.

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